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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Editors as Time-Savers

IT might be supposed that an age which had lived through the World War would find anything which came after it stale by comparison, and that one which had known the idealistic fervor of the war and immediately post-war period would find all that followed flat and unprofitable. Well, there can be few to gainsay the unprofitableness, at least in one sense, of the present. But he must be dull indeed who finds his day flat of interest. For it is not lack of bristling problems and striking developments that confronts us but the surplusage of them that confounds us. Indeed, public excitement is apt to lag not for want of matter to feed upon, but through sheer inability to maintain interest live at the tension to which it is constantly subjected. Portentous social, economic, and intellectual happenings jostle one another for attention; they register on the individual consciousness in proportion as that consciousness is already primed to receive them, or as by the vividness of their importance or the vivacity of their presentation they are able to thrust themselves athwart lethargy or preoccupation. But the most alert, the most eager, of us cannot cope with the panorama of events as it unfolds before us; at best we can get a kaleidoscopic impression of the passing scene or a bird's-eye view of isolated segments of it. If we would really get the march of our days in some perspective we must be able to see it not only as a passing pageant of which the units are changing at every moment, but as a procession streaming along certain definite avenues of development.

The newspapers, of course, and perhaps already the radio, are the most effective means to the observation of the drift of society from day to day. They, in a way, themselves are society in flux. They represent events in the raw, unsubject to the tempering of the future and unalloyed by the inconsistencies of the past. They are the stuff of history, though not history; the material of romance, though not romance. Without them no one can be informed, but to be informed by them alone is to be seeing the world at high noon—without the play of light and shade that brings unsuspected objects and hidden recesses to view.

It is the more reasoned commentary of books which, since they (except for those tinsel journalistic affairs put out to catch the fancy or capitalize upon the excitement of the moment) are born of events recollected in tranquillity, affords pregnant annotation on the course of civilization. To say so is a truism, and to enlarge upon the statement would be absurdity. Everyone knows that its novels, its poetry, its biographies and histories, social, economic, and scientific studies, its publications of every sort mirror the world for peoples. The only trouble is that since life is short and writing is endless, poor, toiling men and women are hard put to it to winnow out from the mass of volumes shunted at them those which will reward their attention and present a balanced view of society, or, when problems become so pressing and they would find diversion from them, offer entertainment.

One of the functions of a literary journal is, it seems to us, to serve as a time-saving device for those who would keep abreast of literature and through literature of life—as well as act as a guide to the former. To come to our point, since editors must read in the course of duty, and

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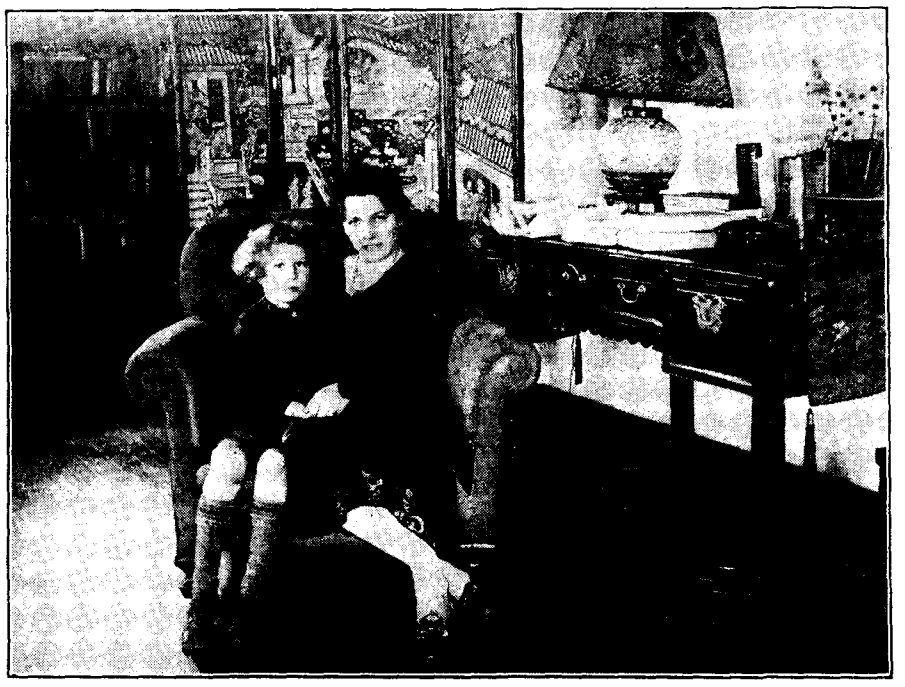

PEARL BUCK IN HER HOME IN CHINA.

"Why . . . Should I Care?"

By PEARL S. BUCK

DURING the past eight or ten years I have been engaged for my own pleasure in a study of the development of the Chinese novel, and in the last year or two the mass of material, at first completely bewildering in its variety and complexity and lack of any apparent organization, has begun to resolve itself into at least a certain number of very interesting questions. One of these is the question of authors.

I am not very familiar with similar English material, but it seems that in our much shorter history of the novel, the author of each novel is usually known, unless he is purposely anonymous, as well as certain facts about his life, and there seem to be many books written about these authors and considerable honor attached to novelists.

This has not been true in China. In the first beginnings of the novel in the eleventh and twelfth centuries there are no names upon which we can fasten. Even several centuries later, when the great and well known novels begin to appear, such as "Shui Hu" and the "San Kuo," the authorship is obscure. For instance, we have a name, it is true, attached to each of these two novels. Shih Nai An is written upon the first, Lo Kuan Chung upon the second. But we do not know who these men really were. We do not even know whether Shih Nai An really existed, or whether it was simply another name of the same man who signs himself Lo Kuan Chung. One of the endless literary discussions in Chinese circles has been upon this very point, and after listening to it now for a number of years, I must confess that as conclusive proof one way or the other, the best I have heard was given by an old scholar friend of mine, who deeply deplores my very plebian interest in fiction, when he said, "Certainly Lo Kuan Chung wrote 'Shui Hu.' It is such a wicked book that it was said in the Ming dynasty that whoever wrote it would be cursed by three generations of deaf and dumb descendants, and Lo Kuan Chung's family for three generations after his time was deaf and dumb."

But such arguments have no place here, and I mention it only to show how little attention was paid to novelists in times past in China, for these have been two of the best known and most widely read novels in China for centuries.

This ignoring of the author does not extend to serious works, however. Books of religion, of philosophy, of history and science are usually signed by authentic names, and there is a long list of brilliant and much respected writers on these sound subjects.

Apparently, then, we may sum the matter up by saying that in China until these very new and modern times, which are after all only a fringe upon the still existing past, the writers of fiction have not been considered worthy of a place in literature, and such indeed has been the case. As long ago as the time of Confucius, five hundred years before Christ, we have this grave statement, that fiction is valueless except as it illustrates the abiding moral principle, and fiction has no worth, no life, apart from this.

This gravity, this absorption with serious ideas and particularly with ethics and philosophy, characterized the scholarship and recognized literature of China until within the present revolutionary times, and even now the modern movement, while very articulate, is still so little spread and so under the influence of the West, that we must still consider the body of Chinese literature to be the literature of the past, in which novels and novelists had so little part that novels were not even listed in any official register of the nation's literature until so late as the time of Chien Lung in the eighteenth century, and this although by that time there had already long existed certain novels which are magnificent in scope and design and characterization, the more because they are the fruit of the land in which they grew, and uninfluenced by any outside literature.

What then was the effect of this attitude upon novels and novelists?

Since the writing of novels offered no career of honor or even livelihood to men, we do not find men of genius turning to this as a primary or fitting expression of the instinct for art. Painting and poetry have their noble names, but not the novel.

There was another result, too, at once cause and result perhaps. The literary examinations, which were the sole recog-

(*Continued on next page*)

Capek vs. Stefansson

In the Saturday Review *of July 9, Mr. Stefansson attacked in a letter the accuracy of "Thirty Years in the Golden North," and suggested that Capek had written the book himself as a "spoof" on mendacious travel books. Mr. Capek here answers that suggestion.*

Prague, July 27, 1932.

DEAR SIR,

I am very sorry not to let Mr. Stefansson enjoy his ingenious theory. I really did not write Welzl's book, "Thirty Years in the Golden North." I have not even written the preface. I have only written a recension in a Czech newspaper because I liked the book for its naiveté and picturesqueness; this recension was—without my knowing—reprinted by the translator, or publisher, as a preface to the English edition. I do not object as I consider Welzl's book a good reading. I am not competent to tell whether it is correct in details. Upon my word, I do not know whether the Eskimos are living in the New Siberia Islands, and up to this day I had no special interest to learn at what age the Eskimo girls attain maturity. I was chiefly interested in the living personality as appears in the stories of the "Golden North," in this figure of a stout costermonger, childish and sly at the same time, in this adventurous *bon enfant* who honestly busies himself in the hard Arctic.

Does Jan Welzl really live? Dear Sir, as far as I know he lives: I never met him, but there are witnesses as reliable as President Masaryk, who has seen him; there is the little town of Zábreh, where Welzl was living not long ago for some time; there are two journalists, Mr. Valenta and Mr. Golombek, who have written from his narrations the much disputed book. Jan Welzl did not write it himself. Some time ago he sent a sort of memoirs to our late poet Tesnohlídek. This poet half believed half did not in the diary of an unknown adventurer but arranged some part of it for print. After his death our Arctic tramp returned to his native country, and in Zábreh the two journalists above mentioned called upon him, hoping his narrations might perhaps result in some interesting newspaper reporting. Well, the result of it was a whole book. And then even another humorous

This Week

HAWK'S WAY.
By TED OLSON.

"PORTRAIT OF AN INDEPENDENT."
Reviewed by ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

"AS I SEE IT."
Reviewed by CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF.

"THE FAMILY CIRCLE."
Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN.

"THE CLINIC OF DR. AICADRE."
Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE.

"ARE YOU LISTENING?"
Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

"THE NEW YORK TEMPEST."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"PACIFIC."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

SOME HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE.

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book, wherein the two reporters relate the difficulties they had in squeezing out of Mr. Welzl the story of his life. This book too, dear Sir, is worth reading, because there is a living man therein.

I know the two interpreters of Welzl's story; one of them is a poet, both are journalists, used to register the facts. I have no doubt whatever about their reliableness. I do not deny the transcription of a narration itself in spite of the best will might lead to misunderstanding or error. With this reservation I suppose that for the whole book is responsible the real Jan Welzl at the time somewhere in the Arctic; he is not a learned man, and I am afraid he did not study the scientific literature about the polar region; he simply lived there.

In one point there is something in the theory of Mr. Stefansson. I sometimes read big books of travel written by explorers: the greater part of them is really worth gorgeous jesting such one as unfortunately has not been written as yet. Those gentlemen usually have scientifical instruments, good rifles, knowledge, and often also a brave heart, but they are wanting one thing only: the eyes. And perhaps a little imagination that is necessary for seeing. Welzl's book in some way fillips the authorities in the Arctic exploration, but it does not do it on purpose. Mr. Welzl does not know how to write about Arctic regions; therefore he wrote or spoke about them as an ordinary living man. Perhaps he sometimes lied as an ordinary living man. Perhaps there is not everything true in the "Cradle of the Deep" either, but it is a good book. This I am competent to tell, but in this you did not ask my opinion.

Yours very truly,

KAREL CAPEK.

[I am glad to be able to publish this letter from the distinguished Czech dramatist and satirist, since, while leaving Mr. Stefansson his criticisms of the scientific accuracy of Welzl's book, as stated in his letter, it confirms the opinion of the hu- ualities of the book held by our re- r. That reviewer was myself. I d to review the book because it d to me to depict a "living man." Readers may remember that the review called upon real experts to state their opinion of the book's scientific nature, if any (and Mr. Stefansson generously responded), while at the same time asserting human worth regardless of accuracy. —HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.]

Why... Should I Care?

(*Continued from preceding page*)

nized way for a man to rise to power and place in the nation, were held exclusively in the classical literature of philosophy, ethics, and poetry, and the preparation for these examinations was so vast an undertaking that it needed many years of a man's life if he were to pass with any honor, and he could not afford either to read or write fiction, since fiction could be of no use to him in that hour when his success must depend on his faithful memory of the classics and his ability to reproduce their style and thought.

The result of all this must be, one would conclude, a very feeble development in fiction, and many western scholars of Chinese subjects, particularly the earlier ones, have taken this for granted.

But it is not true. The body of Chinese fiction is imposing, and it is equal in many ways beside sheeer mass to any in the world, I think. Most of it is anonymously written, much of it is fictitiously signed, and there is an incredible and doubtless at times hopeless task ahead for those scholars who will seek to determine authorship of work from internal evidences. It is true also that Chinese fiction shows a disorganization, as yet, which the more carefully cultivated and consciously developed fiction of the west has had throughout. This disorganization applies both to the mass of fiction and to individual works. It seems that in China fiction has grown wild from here and there and everywhere, and out of the common people, their lives and their stories and their imagination,—everywhere except in the halls of the learned.

This, I think, is a direct result of the scholar's attitude in China, which placed fiction in the field of harmful amusement, and classed writers of fiction with mountebanks, an attitude not wholly unknown in the west, but in China much more intense and extending over many centuries and persisting very widely even today.

One must remember in this connection that China in the past came perhaps nearer than any other country has ever come to the ideal republic which Plato imagined, where the most learned men, the wisest and therefore presumably the most able, controlled the life and thought and customs of the nation, and the training of these men was rigorous and in what was conceived to be the highest intellectual and ethical philosophy.

How, then, did all these stories grow in so unfavorable an air? How is it that we find in China great novels and great pieces of fiction, long and short, differing, it is true, from the fiction of the West in their technique but sharing with it the permanent qualities of an enduring art?

The answer is that the fiction of China has come out of the life of the common people in answer to a demand of their very nature. They are a people quick with imagination, lively with an inexhaustible humor, charged with a sense of the drama of life, even of their own life. They are what we call born actors. They dramatize themselves without knowing they do so. Every time they pass through an experience or present an idea they present at the same time the figures they conceive themselves to be, and this more often than not without plan or intent. They are in addition nimble witted and naturally graceful in person and speech. The truth is they are potent with the fiction sense, and the love of story is in their blood and bone.

Therefore, long before stories were written there was a great folklore, preserved to a late date almost entirely by word of mouth, indeed still in existence, enriched constantly in retelling, and gathered together and organized after a fashion by wandering storytellers, and waiting some eclectic genius to give it permanent in "Shui Hu" and in half a dozen other great source novels. In this sense, then, it is well that these books are not assigned to a single name. They were made first by the people, out of the stuff of their own life, and genius when it was born found its material waiting in richest measure. And it is still waiting, for few have used it. If I have a quarrel to pick with modern Chinese writers it is that they turn their eyes continually westward, not seeing about them the incomparable stuffs waiting to be woven into the garments of kings!

But this attitude of China towards her novelists has been perhaps very good for the novelists. It has kept them from becoming insufferable, and I gather from various sources that some times in the West novelists are insufferable, or we tend to become so unless restrained. The Chinese novelist of the past knew his place and that he was of little worth and that he could be easily spared from the scheme of things, and that his work was not important. It is a wholesome knowledge, and is illustrated quite perfectly in the following preface written by Shih Nai An to the great novel, "Shui Hu."

"A man who lives until he is thirty years of age without marrying should not then marry. A man who has not been governor before the age of forty should not then seek for a governorship. At fifty years he should not found a home, nor at sixty set out upon travels. Why is this said? Because the time for such things is passed, and he will, if he undertake them, have little space left to him in which to enjoy them.

"When the morning sun has just risen, palely bright, we wash head and face, wrap the kerchief about our heads, take food, chew a bit of this or that, and when the work of this is done we stand and ask, 'Is it yet noon?' Noon has already long come. This is as it is in the hours before noon. From it may be known how pass the hours after noon. So one day is over. How do a hundred years differ from it? There is only sadness when we think of it. Where can joy be found? I ever marvel that people say, 'How old is that one this year? How many are his heaped years?'—What is this 'How many?' They are the heaped years. Can any one bring them back and count them? Can any one see that which is passed and gone? It is gone. Even as I finish this very sentence the time which has passed before it is gone. Sorrow is this to the heart!

"Of all joys nothing brings more joy than friendship, and the most joyful part of friendship is quiet talk together among friends. Who can deny this? Yet it has not always been easy for me to gain this companionship. Sometimes the wind blows, and it is cold; sometimes rain falls, and the road is muddy; sometimes I am ill; sometimes when I go to seek my friends they are away, and I miss them. At such times I feel I am in prison.

"I have only a little poor land. I plant for the most part grain for wine. I cannot drink much wine myself, but when my friends come they like to drink it. My door is near a river, and on its banks lie the deep shadows of beautiful trees. There my friends gather and stand about and sit down and walk as they please. I have only four old women servants to cook rice and vegetables and such dishes. The others are but children; large and small, there are ten odd of us, although the young ones can at their best but run about for us and greet guests and escort them when they go or bring in the cards of those who come. When they are idle, men and maid servants, I teach them to make brooms and to weave mats—brooms to sweep the floors, and mats for my friends to sit upon.

"When my friends are all come there should be sixteen of us, but there are not many days when all can come. Yet except on days of great winds or of mighty rains, there are few days when none come. Usually six or seven gather together each day. When my friends are come they do not necessarily drink wine; if they like to do so, they may, but they need not if it is not their wish—each man to his own heart. We do not depend on wine for our happiness. Conversation is our delight. What we talk of is not the affairs of the nation. This is because not only do I feel it right to keep to my humble position, but also because our place is far distant from affairs of state, and political news is only hearsay, and hearsay is never true, and it is a waste of saliva to talk of it. Neither do we talk of people's sins. Men under Heaven have no sins originally, and we ought not to malign them. What we speak of ought not to be such as to frighten persons. What I speak of I want people to understand, because I speak of that of which they have never heard, and moreover every man is intent on his own affairs.

"My friends are all contemptuous of high place. They are wide of heart, and they understand everything and so what they discourse upon has its influence on all, and therefore when our day's talk is over, a matter is ended. Yet there is no one to write out our words, although sometimes I think I will put down what we have said in a book to leave to those who come after us. But until now I have not put it down thus. Why? When the desire for fame is over, the heart grows languid. We discourse for pleasure, and the making of books is tiresome. Moreover, when we are gone no one will read what we have said. Or if perhaps this year we make the book, the next year we will surely regret it.

"In this book there are seventy chapters. When my friends were gone and I sat alone under the lamp, I wrote in idleness. At times when the wind blew and the rains fell and no one came, then also did I write. Turning the book over and over in my mind it became at last such a habit to me that it was not necessary even to open my book and take up my brush and prepare something to write and read for my own diversion. For when at times I walked along my garden wall or at night covered by my quilt I lay awake, or when I picked up the end of my girdlle and twisted it in my fingers, or when I stared unseeing at some object, at such times the stuff of which my book is made came crowding into my mind.

"Some may ask thus: 'You have said already that you did not make a book from your discourse with friends; why then have you now made this book alone?' But if this book is made it is without fame, and if it be not made no harm is done. When the heart is idle and there is nothing to force its will, whether the reader is good and learned or evil and unlearned, anyone can read this book. Whether the book is well done or not it is not important enough to worry over.

"Alas, I was born to die! How can I know what those who come after me and read my book will think of it? I cannot even know what I myself, born into another incarnation, will think of it. I do not even know if I myself afterwards can read this book. Why therefore should I care?

"Shih Nai-An of Tung Tu."

Pearl Buck, whose "The Good Earth" won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction last year, and is a best seller of the past months, has long been resident in China, where she has been allied with missionary circles. Her new novel, "Sons," is shortly to be issued by the John Day Company.

Hawk's Way

By TED OLSON

THIS was the hawk's way. This way the hawk
Nested a moment on the incredible
Crag of the wind, sitting the wind like rock.
This was the perilous, lovely way the hawk fell

Down the long hill of the wind, the anarch air
Shaped by his going: air became visible, bent
To a blade of beauty, cruel and taut and bare,
A bow of ecstasy, singing and insolent;
And the heart, too, bent to breaking; the heart was rent
Like a cloth, and did not care.

Then air deployed again, and was only air
On the empty way the hawk in his beauty went.

Editors as Time-Savers

(*Continued from preceding page*)

most people have not time enough to sift the current output for themselves, why not put what is after all the fairly seasoned judgment of the editor at the use of his reader in tabloid form? We have been doing it to a certain extent hitherto in our "Balanced Ration." Henceforth we intend, instead of merely printing a group of the obviously prominent titles of the week, to present a group of specific recommendations of the editors, which means a list of books which have been read by the editors and which seem to them personally of importance and interest. We shall attempt in presenting our set of volumes to have them achieve balance as a group and yet be sufficiently catholic in range to meet various tastes. And we propose in addition to culling three books weekly from the current output to go back to the publications of a few months ago and select from them each week volumes which for some reason have dropped out of sight and which are eminently worthy of being kept before the reading public. These books may not in any particular week meet all tastes, but all tastes will be considered in the eventual course of selection, and it is our hope that thus some of those books which our readers may have missed—and if they but knew them would regret having missed—, and some of those which they may have meant at the time of their publication to have read and in the general rush of events forgotten to read, will be brought to their attention. A good book should not be allowed to die merely because newer ones press upon its heels.

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A Good Citizen

PORTRAIT OF AN INDEPENDENT: Moorfield Storey, 1845-1929. By M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

ALTHOUGH Morfield Storey was fond of quoting Governor Boutwell, "I care very little for what they say about a man when he dies," he would be pleased by the fairness of this life of himself, and not least, we can imagine, by the independence with which Mr. Howe differs from some of Storey's own opinions. The book never fails to keep on the right side of the line which divides sympathetic understanding from adulation.

After a pleasant boyhood in and about Boston and a year at Harvard Law School, where the sleepy atmosphere before the case system is well described in his own words, Storey became in the autumn of 1867 the private secretary of Charles Sumner. The eighteen months which followed evidently shaped Storey's character for life. Mr. Howe has done well to give us with such completeness the letters and memoranda of this period. They fill more than a quarter of the book and are the most interesting part.

They are a valuable supplement to the account of Washington at this time by a slightly older friend of Storey's, of whom we get a few informing glimpses. Henry Adams is much more penetrating and imaginative than this hero worshipper, fresh from an abolitionist home, but we are not sorry to learn how the same scene looked to eyes that were not disillusioned. Storey was ready to enjoy everything—the hours with Sumner at the height of his power, the interviews with importunate herds of colored callers, the receptions of which he wrote in letters to his sisters and other girls, telling how he saw Grant, Seward, Chase. He argued with Anthony Trollope in the Senate Gallery and dined *à quatre* with Dickens, Sumner, and Stanton. The two politicians told their detailed experiences on the night of Lincoln's assassination and we get a good slice of Dickens's conversation.

The central event was, of course, the impeachment of Johnson. Storey naturally sided against him. He is often amusingly unconscious of his bias, as when he writes his father that Fessenden and Trumbull did not act with absolute impartiality, just after telling how sad Wade must be at failing to vote himself into the White House. On the other hand, he is often critical of the impeachers. Butler is quoted as saying he had tried the case "just as he would try any other, just as he would try a case of petty larceny in Massachusetts. That puts the whole matter in a nutshell." Storey was on good terms with the Evarts family, and gives an amusing account of a dinner during the impeachment when Evarts and Butler were both guests.

The most interesting feature of these pages is their contrast with the dramatic quality which historians attribute to the events of the impeachment. Storey calls the trial "a fearful bore"—"very mediocre displays," "eternal speeches, all on the same subject." And these words have a familiar ring: "I feel today not a little disgusted with the Congress of the United States. The debates in the House for the last two days have been utterly disgraceful."

The successful outcome of an old-fashioned courtship sent Storey hurrying home to earn enough to get married. After an oral bar examination in which the examiner answered his own questions, he became an assistant district attorney and the happy couple married on a thousand dollar salary and two thousand dollars capital. Mr. Howe gives amusing accounts of a few early cases and a glimpse of the mature Storey in court, but the rest of the book deals mainly with his activities as a citizen. The book becomes more severe, and the letters acquire the solemnity of state papers especially after dictation began its deadly work. Still, we must be grateful for the seriousness which produced the 1903 letter on automobiles, which expressed what most other solid citizens felt at the time, though they must be very glad now that they did not record their opinions like Storey: "I should be entirely unwilling myself to ride in one of these machines, for I do not wish to take part in the sport which endangers the lives of the old, the feeble, and the young, as well as those who are in vigorous life." Fortunately, Mr. Howe gives us some lighter moments, and our impressions of Storey would be sadly false without the photograph of him holding a gigantic salmon.

Much is said of the 1884 presidential campaign, and the bolt of Storey with other Mugwumps after Blaine's nomination. Storey gives two separate and trustworthy sources for the reason why Roosevelt and Lodge decided to remain with the Republican Party despite their previous insistence on Blaine's dishonesty. They said: "A good many of the younger Republicans would bolt who were formidable rivals of theirs, and those who stayed with the party would have a better chance of promotion."

Mr. Howe supplies in a footnote the more creditable explanations which the two young statesmen gave in public for their loyalty.

The chief public causes which Storey sponsored during the remainder of his life were civil service reform, opposition to the retention of the Philippines, and the protection of the constitutional rights of the Negro. The improvement in the civil service is due to many others as well, and his anti-imperialism met with no success though greed may now accomplish what American ideals of liberty could not, but in the cause of the Negro Storey won notable triumphs as an outstanding leader. To him are due the overthrow of the "grandfather clause" and the segregation of Negroes in cities. Most important of all was the reversal by the Supreme Court of the death sentences of several Negroes tried in Arkansas under mob domination, a decision which will form an influential precedent in the pending Scottsboro case.

"You in Boston seem to be growing conservative," wrote Storey to his father in 1868. A half century later we are tempted to repeat these words to the son. He did not comprehend the shift of battle from the political to the economic field. Such bitter criticism as he had once launched against officeholders was directed by the new reformers against financiers and their legal advisers. It is not without significance that Storey's own office was involved in two hotly discussed corporate litigations in Boston courts. And the man whose boyhood had been stirred by the execution of an abolitionist farmer awaited complacently the execution of an anarchist fish peddler.

Yet glad as we should have been to follow him into latter-day conflicts, our failure to see him there does not weaken our gratitude for his leadership and his victories in the past. Perhaps no man can fight on all fronts. If the changing tides of opinion did not carry him into new causes, they never swept him from his firm adherence to the old. The American ideals of his youth were those of his age. Although so little sympathetic with some of the most inspiring and public spirited teaching of recent years at Harvard that he spoke of it as "the evil propaganda of Frankfurter and Laski," this very phrase occurs in a letter of praise for President Lowell's maintenance of academic freedom. The same belief in our traditional liberties led him to write the preface to Louis Post's denunciation of Mitchell Palmer's "Deportations Delirium'" and to join with President Eliot in a manifesto which drew the fangs from a Massachusetts sedition bill.

His greatest service is that spirit of independence, which Mr. Howe has fittingly emphasized in his title and throughout the book. "My best of courage in political matters," wrote Storey, "is the willingness to espouse an unpopular cause in which a man believes, no matter what the personal consequences to himself may be." Possibly a world full of such non-conformists would be an uncomfortable place to live in, but nobody can complain that men who live up to words like that are overabundant today.

Zechariah Chafee, Jr., professor of law at Harvard University and member of the Cambridge Legal Advisory Board, is one of the outstanding liberals of the country and a leader among those who labor for the rights of the individual and of free speech. In 1920 *he was one of the lawyers reporting on the illegal activities of the Department of Justice, and recently served as chairman of the subcommittee of the Wickersham Committee which examined into the lawless enforcement of the law.*

Credo of a Candidate

AS I SEE IT. By NORMAN THOMAS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF

IN his chapter on "Liberty's Hard Road" Mr. Thomas remarks ápropos of Bernard Shaw's visit to Russia that "he has managed very comfortably to confine rebellion at home to safe and even profitable limits," a remark that could with a certain amount of appropriateness be applied to Mr. Thomas himself. Nevertheless there is a considerable measure of reasonableness in many of his observations, which may be said to harmonize with his "safe and sane" socialism. There will be a general agreement with him that the average man of today would, if he had to choose, gladly exchange most of his theoretical liberties for economic security, and again where he describes his Socialist ideal to be "social salvation without catastrophe, and with a minimum of confusion and disorder, seeking to preserve international peace and to utilize democratic methods."

NORMAN THOMAS.

His book, made up of articles that have appeared in recent periodicals, deals with current issues and therefore runs the danger, as he himself points out, of "being even more ephemeral than the average book." Nevertheless his comments are suggestive and, being set forth with so little rhetoric and over-emphasis, carry more weight than those of the average radical usually do.

There are many positions and proposed solutions that could be and should be sharply challenged, but it is important to have a man of Thomas's conviction and philosophy speak out in clearly understood terms. The questions range from the broadest of international subjects to Tammany politics.

"Politics and Plunder in New York City" is to my way of thinking one of the strongest in the collection. The summing up of the situation at the time of the municipal election of 1931 is most striking and, I believe, accurate. He shows how those New Yorkers who voted at all, and they were only a little over a third of those eligible to vote, voted overwhelmingly for Tammany in the face of weighty evidence that it was responsible for a judiciary from which one judge had vanished and six magistrates had resigned under fire or been removed; that Tammany's dock department was a mass of irregularities if not corruption, and that its chief engineer had committed suicide or been murdered to prevent the truth from coming out; that the police department practised medieval torture under the name of the third degree and that the vice squad traded in the sale of women's honor; that Tammany's district attorney had been impotent or unwilling to deal with racketeering or remove it from political protection; that the building bureaus were honeycombed with graft; that Tammany was responsible for the "tin box" brigade of public officials with swollen bank accounts that they could not explain in honorable fashion; that the Mayor himself was keeping his confidential financial agent out of town to whom and to a favored applicant for an immensely profitable bus franchise the dapper Mr. Walker entrusted keys to his safe deposit box; that $191,000,000 in "frozen" contracts kept about 100,000 men out of jobs in a time of desperate need solely because of the incompetence of Tammany officials or their desire to "fix" things before authorized city work could be begun; that a huge and very suspicious bus franchise award was under contemplation with no protection in it for workers against seven days a week work; and that at least ten per cent of a seven million dollar budget was probably a preventable waste.

There will be but little difference of opinion concerning Mr. Thomas's analysis of the situation, but there will be marked dissent from his suggestion of partisan political socialism as the solution. Nevertheless it is helpful to have this concrete proposition clearly set forth for consideration.

Comments on the modern church, while scarcely to be called orthodox, are moderate. He believes that

> Religion of some sort—as the strength of the secular religion of communism proves—will not die with the churches. Nor will the memory of the saints. And in the meanwhile there is that fine minority in the churches of those whose religion makes them crusaders for plenty of peace, freedom, and fellowship. Their work cannot be wholly vain. Of that minority there cannot be too many and to that minority, though I cannot share its faith and give it my allegiance, I offer my admiration and respect.

Mr. Thomas is currently reported to have taken issue with a statement made in *The Yale News* that "the whole business of politics in America is peculiarly dirty, and that of all dirty politics municipal politics is the dirtiest." He replied that even in New York, "a faithful civil service and much quiet and competent work is being done in the Health Department and by certain fiscal experts in the Comptroller's Office," and that he was "prepared to match, point by point, the ethics of banking, the custom of paying bonuses, the way in which stocks are written up, with any political transaction whatsoever by Tammany Hall or any political machine."

This may be said to be the general position of the book on political questions. While by no means overlooking the failures and corruptions of politics and politicians, nevertheless those of business are equally great and equally to be condemned and changed.

The book is one certainly worth reading and considering.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

SAINT SATURNIN. By JEAN SCHLUMBERGER. *Dodd, Mead.*
The story of the decay of a French industrialist and of the struggle of his children to preserve the family home.

BETWEEN WHITE AND RED. By ERICH DWINGER. *Scribners.*
A vivid and terrible portrayal of the experiences of a German prisoner who joined Kolchak's army.

THE REVOLT OF THE MASSES. By ORTEGA Y GASSET. *Norton.*
A study of the problems of modern civilization in the light of the emergence of mass man.

This Less Recent Book:

THE FARAWAY BRIDE. By STELLA BENSON. *Harpers.*
A charmingly delicate novel of China.

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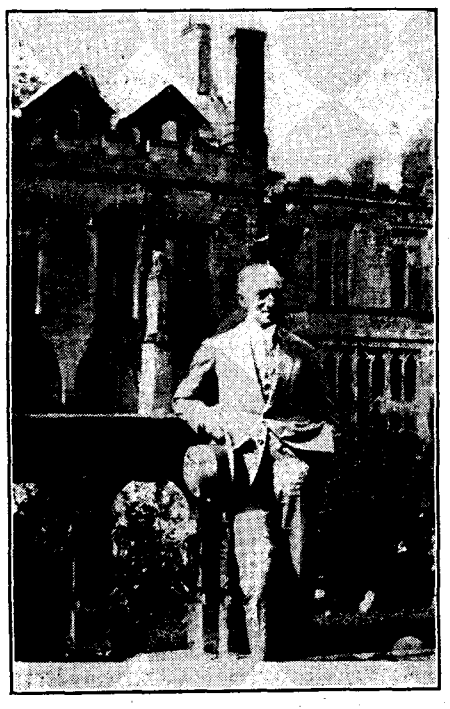
Spreading Poison

THE FAMILY CIRCLE. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. New York: D. Appleton & Co.. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

M. MAUROIS is too keen a psychologist, too felicitous a stylist, and too subtle an intelligence to produce any book that is devoid of distinction. He has a charm of manner which adorns but does not disguise the ironic implications of his writing, and he is always lucid, always forthright, and always graceful. His is civilized writing in the best meaning of that much abused word. That it is over-intellectualized is the defect of his virtues. He is a rationalist, and unfortunately in this book where the neuroticism of his heroine expressly excludes the rationalization of certain of her acts and impulses he attempts to bring them into a reconciliation with the forces that have moulded her character which fails to carry conviction.

Where M. Maurois is unqualifiedly happy is in his portrayal of that French provincial and industrial background which so engages his interest. There is an excellent veracity to his scenes of home and small town, a nice discrimination in his choice of physical detail of landscape and domestic setting, a dexterity in the selection and development of typical figures that are at once revealing and delightful. This is French life reflected with the intimacy of knowledge.



ANDRÉ MAUROIS.

His most searching and effective portrayal M. Maurois lavishes upon the childhood of his heroine, Denise Herpain, and in the description of her youth and adolescence he is admirably successful. A child too young to understand the half-jocular, half-contemptuous allusions of the servants about her, when she is first introduced at the opening of the story, and puzzled rather than uneasy at the glimpse she catches in her father's absence of a neighboring doctor at the piano with her mother, Denise slowly comes to realize not only the infidelity of her mother but the estimation in which she is held in the community. Wounded loyalty to her father, the slights of her schoolmates, and the innuendoes of her elders distil a poison that gradually pervades the girl's nature and sends her into the academic world avid of experience but bitterly hostile to marriage. At the Sorbonne she makes the acquaintance and enters into close friendship with three young men, and finally, though without really loving him, takes one of them as a lover. Eventually she becomes engaged to him, ultimately to break the engagement off. Her mother, as it happens, is away with the doctor when her husband falls ill, and returns to find their father dead and her children barring her way to his room. Denise thereafter leaves home, despite her aversion to marriage takes as husband a wealthy manufacturer, is unfaithful to him as her mother before her has been untrue to her father, drifts on in her hidden love affair, and is only brought to its renunciation when her children in their indignation at her projected departure for Paris work their wrath upon her belongings and terrify her into fearing that they will suffer as she has suffered. At the end Denise is portrayed in the home of her mother, watching her absorbed devotion to the doctor whom she has married, and gradually awaking to the fact that she has ceased to hate her. She has entered at last into the family circle. M. Maurois in this final scene is at his excellent best, adroitly bringing his book to a close on an ironical situation which discloses the daughter as more blameworthy than her mother, since while she has been unfaithful as was her parent she has not even had like her the excuse of a great passion.

Denise, so lifelike and convincing in girlhood and youth, as a wife and transplanted to the midst of an intellectual and wealthy society is less plausible. There is too obvious an effort on the part of M. Maurois to make her acts spring from the influences that warped her, too manipulated a quality to her deeds and speeches. She is no longer a creature of reality but of fiction. On the other hand, the society in which she is thrown becomes too little the creation of the novelist and too much the transcription of actuality. When he begins to picture the life of the Paris salon and the week-end party, M. Maurois slides off into the novel of an intellectual who is as much concerned with presenting his views on international affairs and contemporary problems as he is in writing fiction, and who lets the thinker swamp the artist. Yet on the whole "The Family Circle" is a good novel, well worth the careful reading. It is excellently translated by Hamish Miles, who has preserved the limpid quality of the French original.

Physician and Peasant

THE CLINIC OF DR. AICADRE. By MURIEL HARRIS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

THOUGH a physician of great repute, Dr. Aicadre was a misanthrope, but a misanthrope with a difference. It was not that he loved humanity less, but that he loved all creation more. Holding such beliefs, the suffering of humanity itself meant little enough to him; it was but one note in the universal symphony of the suffering of all creation. The manager of his celebrated clinic near Paris was Mme. Teterger, his peasant mother-in-law, who ruled him, his childlike wife, his clinic, with the iron fist and the passion for pecuniary details of the true peasant. She was a termagant, a shrew, a tyrant. She opposed the expansion of the clinic, and it was as a direct consequence of one of their interminable arguments that Aicadre fell from the balcony of the new wing and was permanently crippled.

The new régime began. The clinic was sold to the Englishman, Colonel Stott; Mme. Teterger undertook to support the family by acting as *gardienne* for the ruins of the nearby abbey, but the total disaster of the family had not yet been accomplished. Their new-born baby was found dead, and believing his wife guilty, Aicadre connived at his own conviction and went to jail. From this point on the story concerns itself with his return, his rehabilitation as a man, the untangling of the devious strands of crime, misunderstanding, hatred, and jealousy.

The novel possesses at least two serious flaws. Its motivation is extremely poor, for the succession of catastrophes occurs, not as an inevitable outgrowth of character, but through a series of purely fortuitous events obviously controlled by the author. The style is eminently unsuited to the theme—it is lurid, jerky, progresses by melodramatic fits and starts, and before very long becomes enervating in the extreme. This is nothing short of calamitous in a novel that demonstrates sincerity in every stroke. Aicadre has the makings of a truly heroic character, but Miss Harris's exposition of his unique temperament is more than uncertain, and she dabbles with philosophical concepts of which she is not at all sure.

The Ghost in the Radio

ARE YOU LISTENING? By J. P. McEVOY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MR. McEVOY is a clever journalist; but of his previous work in fiction, his presentation of a characteristic show-girl, we have not been a whole-souled admirer. Now, however, we are frank to say, he has enlisted our extreme interest. For he has written a "stunt" novel, both original in conception, convincing in its characterizations, and something more. It is a tough-grained, rapid-fire story told entirely by dialogue. There is not a word of description in it that is not conveyed by dialogue. The dialogue is the common American lingo of today. There is nothing a bit "literary" about the book. But it has the pulse of life, and significance.

The sickening and chirruping optimism of radio programs so inextricably entwined with the whoopee spirit of American advertising furnishes the counterpoint of this book and its backbone of irony. *Boldface radio interludes run all* through the volume, and we can only say that they are perfectly concocted, not a whit overdone, some of them gorgeous. The story of the book is the love story of William Grimes and Laura O'Neal, both in the radio business. Laura is a soprano, Grimes writes sketches. The latter is also a married man with a shrew of a wife whom he eventually murders. We choose at random a passage where Grimes, in love, in despair, and in drink, has just been monologuing Laura through the telephone from Tony's. She refuses to come over to talk to him. He hangs up and remarks:

> Just leave the bottle here, Mike.
> Just as you say, Mr. Grimes. We're closing the kitchen.
> It can stay closed for all I care.

(Then, as usual, in bursts the omnipresent Radio:)

> **At this same hour, next Tuesday night, at ten o'clock, another Great Lovers drama will be brought to you through the courtesy of the New Art Plumbing Fixtures Company, Wheeling, West Virginia, with the New Art Plumbing Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Arturo Garfinkel. Your announcer, Buddy Law. Adieu! Until this same hour next week, adieu!**

That is merely a sample, nor are we going to give away the design of the story, which hinges entirely upon radio broadcasting. Some of Mr. McEvoy's excerpts from real popular songs have acknowledgments in smaller type at the foot of the page. There is plenty of humor in the book, and a growing drama of the type usually known on Broadway as "tense." The radio excerpt that opens Chapter V may serve as a more hilarious example of Mr. McEvoy's use of the most popular American entertainment:

> . . . and what could be more appropriate on this beautiful October morning than a thank offering of melody and mirth from the Rosenheimer Raspberry Juice Boys, who have just played "Thank Your Father, Thank Your Mother, Thank Them Both for Meeting Up with One Another, by Special Permission of the Copyright Owners." I don't mean they met by special permission of the copyright owners, but I do mean that if you want Vitamins A, B, C, D, E, F and G, drink Rosenheimer Raspberry Juice, spelled R-A-S-P-B-E-R-R-Y. Your digestion will thank you, your circulation will thank you, and the Rosenheimer Raspberry Juice Company of Mahwah will thank you, not to mention your friends Calory and Vitamin . . .

The invasion of the American home by this sort of *blah* is now history. One hears it not only in every apartment but on every street corner. It has turned any imaginative life that exists for the man in the street into a mixture of ballyhoo slogans, thickly syrupy sentiment — usually about all the wrong things—and sensational thought images. That is not all of Radio, but it is the major portion of it. We do not say that there are not some really good programs, some valuable news releases, but the industry in its infancy has so far managed to spread more blatant vulgarity on the air than one would even have suspected. This is probably what a democracy loves. It is certainly what it continues to listen to without noticeable protest. However, that is a digression.

What we have in Mr. McEvoy's novel is the first successful use made in fiction of the ironic interruptions and ubiquitous counterpoint of the radio as they accompany a convincing story of tawdry, parasitic American existence. The author has himself been continuity writer, director, and actor. He has procured his material first-hand. As for his human sympathies, they are in the right place. And we find "Are You Listening?" significant because it has been borne in upon us that the whole rhythm of life, at least in large cities, is vitally affected by the unintermittent flood of noisy statement (let alone the dripping ink of the tabloids!) that constantly besieges our American ears. It is a wonder there is not more of "the American jitters," as Edmund Wilson has called them, in consequence. It is a wonder that city folk do not act even more crazily than they most frequently do. It is a wonder, a great wonder to us, that there is not even more leaping out of high windows and hysterical murder. For the radio plays constantly upon the bare nerves of sensation. There is little intelligent organization to it as yet and practically no sane regulation. It is a remunerative livelihood, as most things are, with us; not at all the educational and cultural force that it might be.

We, ourself, imbued as we are with the American spirit, shall not deliver a sermon at this juncture. We do not frown upon the American love of sensation. We appreciate it. Merely, once in a great while, it is borne in upon us that if this love of sensation were otherwise channelled it might be the greatest of moving forces for a far more rational, as well as a far livelier, world. Gaiety a people should certainly have, burlesque, and lots of laughter. But we could spare the interminable flood of hokum. Mr. McEvoy has been ere this a champion of the comic spirit. He has also, however, seen the cruel significance behind all the moronic chatter now burdening the ether, and has praiseworthily evoked it in this novel for us to see. Underneath all the japery, it mutters in our ears like the ghost of Hamlet's father!

The Vatican has issued a decree placing Benedetto Croce's latest book, "The History of Europe of the Nineteenth Century," on the Index. The decree emphasized that other works of Italy's most famous modern philosopher are not included in the proscription. The Holy Office does not give reasons for its decisions, but from a perusal of the third and revised edition of the proscribed book available in Rome it appears probable that the Vatican disapproved of the definition of the Church as "the principal obstacle to liberalism." Croce in his books treats liberalism as the moving political spirit of the last century.

Richard S. Garnett, the writer and authority on Dumas, died recently at the age of sixty-six. He came of a distinguished literary family, and was an uncle of David Garnett, author of "Lady into Fox," and a brother of Edward Garnett.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Crime and Vengeance

A NEW YORK TEMPEST. By MANUEL KOMROFF. New York: Coward-McCann. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IN the spring of 1836 the little city of New York was shocked by the murder of a young girl named Helen Jewett, the inmate of a disorderly house, by a clerk named Robinson. Several circumstances combined to make the crime and the subsequent trial subjects of an intense popular interest. The beauty of the girl; the respectable position of Robinson, who had passed for a gentleman and had wealthy connections in the city; the lack of any adequate motive; the brutality of the murder, for the girl had been deliberately strangled and her bed set on fire; the scandalous character of the resort—all this made the affair sensational. James Gordon Bennett's *Herald*, founded the previous year, exploited it to the utmost. Of Robinson's guilt there has never been the slightest real doubt. But he was aided by the *Herald*, which sought circulation by developing the hypothesis that some other person had gained access to the girl's room that night; by the feeling among some of the unco guid that the girl had met a deserved fate, and that the testimony of her friends in the brothel was questionable; by unscrupulous counsel; and by the stupidity of the jury. Robinson was acquitted. He prudently took flight, and what became of him is unknown. But somewhere there has been published an account of his return to the city long afterwards from Texas, where he had prospered; his call at the office of his former attorney; and the attorney's angry ejection of the scoundrel from his door.

This long-remembered crime Mr. Komroff has made the basis for a careful narrative of more than four hundred pages, which possesses several distinct kinds of interest. Quite properly, he treats the actual history of Helen Jewett and her murderer with great freedom. His book is essentially fiction; he follows the facts far less closely than Poe followed those of the murder of Mary Rogers in his "Mystery of Marie Roget." Many of the characters and many of the most telling incidents are invented entire. Elsewhere names are changed, and characters and events altered. The result is to give the book all the unity and sweep of a novel. The murderer, here called Oliver Benson, is represented as a villain of the deepest turpitude, who plots to fasten the guilt, if necessary, on his best friend. Mr. Komroff relates how, when Benson is thrown into jail, his attorneys obtain the help of a politician who bears a grudge against the district attorney, and who hopes to succeed to that office himself. He brings into the story a weak-minded grocer who, tired of obscurity and routine, is ready to tell a plausible tale to the jury in order to find some excitement and see his name in print. It is this story which saves Benson. He heightens the drama of the trial; a trial affected by the implacable hostility between the Bowery toughs and the respectable clerks, between the virtuous wives of the town and the keepers and inmates of the disorderly houses. He shows how the prejudices of the judge himself are subtly worked upon. After Benson's acquittal, the story is given an entirely new dénoûement. The murderer remains in the city, or at least on its outskirts, till retribution shortly overtakes him—retribution in its most horrible form.

Part of the book's interest lies merely in this story of crime and vengeance, a story sometimes repellant and at the end terrible, but almost always gripping. Another kind of interest lies in the picture of old New York which Mr. Komroff furnishes as his background. This picture is neither elaborate nor subtle; it lacks the expert touches which Edith Wharton, for example, gave her fictions of old New York, the nuances of Henry James's "Washington Square." It is a sketch instead of a careful painting, yet an accurate and spirited sketch so far as it goes. The opening scene is of that great fire in December, 1835, which found the hydrants frozen and whose glow was seen in Philadelphia and New Haven; the closing scene takes place in the ratpit of the Old Brewery which was the wickedest spot in the wicked Five Points district. In between we have glimpses of New York journalism, jurisprudence, fire-fighting, theatres, prisons, slums, and what not. Mr. Komroff succeeds particularly well in suggesting the strong class divisions and antipathies of the city. The reformers of the city, whose denunciations of vice bring country girls in to join the brothels; the respectable men of property; the riffraff of the slums, who pillage stores and riot at the theatres; the "leather hats" who police the town; the young blades sowing their wild oats in Bleecker and Perry Streets, are struck off in bold strokes.

But Mr. Komroff is not interested in crime as a thrilling story, nor is he greatly interested in old New York. If it depended on these elements alone the book would be too clearly lacking in distinction to deserve much notice. What interests the author most is psychology, and he has chosen this rather sensational subject because it gives him an opportunity to explore human emotions and motives. How could such a murder come about? How could such an acquittal take place? In answering these questions he places half a dozen persons under his lens. The murdered girl is not one of them. She disappears in the early pages. But the murderer is. So is the sharp lawyer-politician who gets him off; Hopkinson, with Kent's Commentaries and Bourrienne's "Napoleon" on his work-table. So is the vacuous grocer who achieves the front-page with his fable exculpating the murderer. So is a sturdy girl who has befriended the unfortunate Helen, and who follows the murderer with unremitting enmity; and so is a crackwitted clergyman, who has lost his church and gone to preach to the Five Points gangsters, and who plays a considerable part in some chapters. It is as an extended study in psychology and human destiny that the book is to be judged. The author's most distinct failure is with the crucial character of the murderer himself. We are not clearly shown just what combination of evil motives and impulses brought Benson to the point of committing murder, nor are we given a real understanding of the remorse which finally destroys him. The pages in which he despairingly apostrophizes God, man, and the devil have a melodramatic and unreal quality. But some of the other characters are admirably done. They are real and their actions before, during, and after the trial are thoroughly understandable. It is they who make the book worth reading.

Their Bonded Fates

PACIFIC. By ROBERT CARSE. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

ONE is tempted to tell first what "Pacific" is not. The jacket is emblazoned with the announcement that it is "The Story of a Hard-Boiled Ship's Crew and One Woman among Them," but while the statement is literally true, of course, it overlooks entirely the points that make the book distinctive. This is no novel, catch-as-catch-can, for the possession of a woman by undifferentiated sailors. It is a very carefully and subtly constructed novel that throws into high relief the lives of a group of seamen who are not shipped on merely for the course of the story, as has been the case in several sea tales lately, but are men whose various pasts have shaped them into the characters we meet. We see them at a tense period for them, thirty-two days at sea, with one woman, a stowaway, among them; and the violent eruptions of action as well as the secret broodings and hesitancies during the long, threatening voyage grow as surely out of the different past that each of the men has known as they do out of the strained situation that makes up the present for the story.

The book opens on a calm note. The discovery of the situation that is so full of implications and potentialities is unhurried, unemphasized. One night out from a South American port, where revolution makes any putting in again of the ship impossible, the bosun of a freighter, returning from the bridge at dawn, sees something that stops him in his tracks. A woman on this ship of men.

> She stood by the door leading into the lazarette. The small light in the deckhead above did not shine brightly there. But she advanced, and came out into the light, close to him, maybe five paces away. She was very calm; he saw that at once, and was to remember it about her. She stood much as he did, her body relaxed, her hands by her sides, looking at him.

And that is all, for the moment; but there are thirty-two days ahead on ship with men of all classes, all types, and many nationalities. The author can afford to wait.

With the advent of this woman on the boat the reaction is almost immediate. The men become what modern phraseology would call "woman-conscious." In the diffent types aboard, this consciousness represents very different things. It is in showing how diverse in origin and in expression the responses are that Mr. Carse has ground his story so deep in the personalities of his characters that one remembers them as men, as individuals in their entirety, and not just at the time of the action, although it is then that their temperaments break out over the barricades of conventional restraint and habitual reticence.

The news of the woman's presence spreads rapidly through the ship. The first reaction is irritation. For the officers it means trouble: arranging for where she may stay, seeing that the men do not molest her, reporting so unpleasant a happening to the company. For the men it means keeping their clothes on during the long days of heat.

The captain is conscious of the woman's presence, although he seldom sees her. She reminds him a little of his first wife. How unyielding she had always been, how she had always escaped him really. The present wife? Was that any different? A different woman surely, this second wife, with her white skin and black hair and love of luxury; she seemed soft in her beauty, but under that was she not more secret and impenetrable than the first? The woman stowaway was the same. She accepted nothing from him, shut him out, seemed unconscious of him even when he stood in her room. That was woman for the captain, undiscoverable, self-sufficient, deaf to his need for their needing him.

Gates, the radio operator, is conscious of the woman. It brings to him more bitterly than ever the secret that he hides from others by his stories of his conquests ashore, his library of erotica, his seasoned advice to the timid on dissipation bent. But these protective walls thrown up about him only shut him in with his own inadequacy. Nerves worn thin with such constant warfare against unpleasant realization must snap under strain.

The chief engineer is conscious of the woman. She makes restless his Persian cat who sleeps at his feet at night and laps up her cream "with a delicate kind of fury" from a saucer by his plate. Now the engineer must sit up at night and massage the cat, nervous because there is "one of her own kind" aboard.

Rann, the assistant engineer, is conscious of the woman. Through her he feels shame for the first time in his unreflective life. He has never spoken to her, never touched her, perhaps never even seen her, but his talk about her at table drives one man to madness and Rann almost guesses why.

The seamen are conscious of the woman. Greek, Chinese, American—the mixed and colored lot of them. Their talk, heavy and covetous, spreads over the ship like a fog. Broken bones and slit skins are not the only ugly results of it.

And three other men are conscious of the woman. Here kindliness and understanding save her from the horror of days and nights shut up in an airless little cabin where all the life on the ship ceases. Three men stand by this woman who comes from no one ever knows where and goes where they can only guess.

In all his crew Mr. Carse has not shipped one stock figure. His captain, who is wise enough not to discipline one man because of a nervous outbreak with nothing less than murder as its goal, and then capable of venting his accumulated anger and self-disgust on petty brawlers,—who makes what he feels are "subtle" judgments of his shipmates and then is driven so desperately to the airless little cabin one night despite his dignity,—this captain is man first and officer only secondarily. It is so with the others. The style of the novel, simple, straightforward, without a suggestion of embellishment, holds these individuals closely to their bonded fates.

Courtesy of Old Print Shop.

THE GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK IN 1835 ON WHICH "A NEW YORK TEMPEST" OPENS.
From a contemporary print.

"On the record of these new letters alone," says a writer in the Manchester *Guardian*, of the volume of hitherto unpublished letters of Coleridge which has recently appeared, "one might well assent in the Victorian verdict on Coleridge and wonder where Mill found the 'seminal' mind. Few of them treat of literature or philosophy, though among the brilliant exceptions is a letter which shows that Coleridge's system of thought was almost complete by 1806."

"Another little piece of London with interesting literary associations is to come under the auctioneer's hammer this month, when, among other property at Clapham, the house in which Macaulay spent his early years, the school which he attended, and the school where Tom Hood was a pupil for some time, are to be sold," says *John o' London's Weekly*. "At the age of two, Macaulay was taken by his family to live near the Plough Tavern, Clapham, in a house which has since been converted into a shop. Here he was often visited by Hannah Moore. He was sent to Mr. Greave's school, at 16, North Side, and his precocious genius speedily showed itself. At eight years old he had begun a compendium of universal history, written a treatise to convert the natives of Malabar to Christianity, and committed to memory the whole of Scott's 'Lay' and 'Marmion.'"

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The Bowling Green

Human Beings

XXX. THOSE WERE THE DAYS

WHAT a grand thing it is for anyone to have some particular epoch to look back on, believing that that was *really high tide. Just one period, no matter* how brief it actually was, of which he may say Those Were the Days. Some poet has remarked, He who has once been happy is for aye Out of destruction's reach. It is well that poets are so little read, for it is always disconcerting to find that they have said everything already.

Minnie is no sentimental praiser of the past, but she quite honestly thinks that the first years of Richard Roe Inc. justify her as a human being—and justify life as what happens to such. The year 1919 and thereabouts, for instance. Trying for Hubbard's benefit to recall the feeling of that time, Minnie says that with the whole subsequent perspective in view she would not change with any other person at any time or place. No, not with Queen Elizabeth or Anna Held—especially not with Queen Elizabeth, she added, for she had read Lytton Strachey. To Hubbard, who was timid and needed frequent reassurance, her supple and knowing vitality was beef, iron and wine. She never worried, never pitied herself, or anyone else.

"It was a great time," she said. "Every few days Fifth Avenue won the war all over again with a parade. It got so that I had to keep the telephone directories hidden to prevent the girls tearing them up and throwing them out of the windows every time someone who had won the war went past the Flatiron. They built a Court of Victory in Madison Square, appropriately ornamented with gas-balloons. Old Mr. Gall used to get so excited by those parades that once he tore up all the papers on his desk including a whole year's income tax figures. When I heard a parade coming I used to rush round the office and put all the important papers in the safe. I kept old copies of the Sunday *American* in a cupboard so if the children had to tear up something they would be handy."

Hubbard distrusted historians' generalizations about the End of an Era and all attempts to put locks and dams across the swift stream of living. Wiseacres come to the end of a sheet of paper and call it the close of an epoch. But life never makes a final balance, and the ticker always lags behind the trading.

Yet in some ways 1919 really was the end, for a while, of a certain sort of Good Old Times. They will return; are returning already; humanity needs its Good Times so much that when they don't exist it invents them. Men of affairs now pursue the phantom of Better Business like the jolly horsemen of England chasing the fox across the shires and through other people's cabbages. They cry *Yoicks!* and *Gone Away!* (or whatever the catchwords are) and the whole hunt, led by some lively publicist in a red coat, goes careering over fences. You think the parallel too fanciful? I asked Hubbard. Why only the other day I overheard a party of icebox salesmen singing one of their pep-tunes. It had the very accent of a foxhunting madrigal, each chorus ended "And merrily we'll whoop and we'll holloa!"

In 1919 there was a peculiarly subtle ratio between what was permitted and what was forbidden. This lent zest to the latter. Women did not smoke in restaurants, they still wore long hair, and stockings in bathing. A great deal of public attention was focussed on these minutiae. It is desirable always to keep as large a proportion as possible of the public mind upon irrelevant trifles. It kicks up a dust, in which a few cheerful souls can go ahead, as they always have, and do what amuses them. Public smoking is relatively little fun for women now, but it was an adventure then. Minnie remembers the look of mischief she got from Jenny Hoerl one day in the Fifth Avenue Restaurant. Jenny was being taken to lunch by an important customer from up State. (This was good business for the firm; Peggy Whaley had to stand by the telephone on these occasions.) Jenny described him as an old fossil, and Minnie, just for mischief, came into the same restaurant for lunch to see how Jenny managed him. Minnie was enjoying a cigarette, but the buyer from Buffalo, who did not know Miss Hutzler by sight, was horrified. He called the maitre d'hôtel. "Please, tell that woman to stop smoking," he said. "Tell her I'm here with *a lady.*"—When the girls took a tiny cottage at Long Beach for the summer Minnie was thought to be a Bad Woman because she bathed without stockings. She used to smile to herself to think how much worse than that she really was.

These were small matters: there were profounder reasons for the special ecstasy of that time. In the back of most people's minds was the delicious belief that the war had been Won. This was particularly comfortable and evident on Fifth Avenue, which had long been an almost continuous vista of flags and parades. It would be impossible not to feel an uplift of assurance along that great road of Display. It was to take a dozen years for people to learn that wars like that are not really won by anyone. "I saw a pamphlet not long ago," Hubbard remarks, "with a title that hit me hard. It was called *Who Won the San Francisco Earthquake?*"

But that satisfied feeling was very real at the time. Fifth Avenue was then still dominated architecturally by millionaires and churches, in both of whom We Trusted. Neither were as conspicuous twelve years later. In 1919 one could feel the first trembling thrill of that glorious decade of Going Up when vast buildings sprang in clear lattice against space. "How high your window-sills are," said Little Red Riding-Hood. "The better to jump from, my dear," said the Wolf. Little Red Riding-Hood laughed heartily and thought it a good joke.

"Would you have missed all that, just for the satisfaction of being wise and far-sighted?" Hubbard asks. "I wouldn't. It was wonderful. If anyone uttered words of warning they shouted him down. They were having a grand time. Do you remember that fine story in the Bible, when the business interests of Ephesus seemed to be threatened by St. Paul's preaching? He was telling them that Diana wasn't a real god, only an idol; but the silversmiths' Chamber of Commerce, who did a big traffic in images, were pretty sore about it. 'All with one voice about the space of two hours cried out Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' There's a lot of Ephesianism in the human animal. Why not?"

Diana brings us back to the Roe office. They weren't worrying themselves over the cosmic aspect of affairs; they had plenty of their own excitement to think about. If we could have eavesdropped from the Reception Room an average forenoon we would have heard a lively mixture of business and social communication, interspersed with the purr of the switchboard annunciators and fragments of voice breaking in from various quarters of the suite. Running through this medley of sounds would be Jenny's matter-of-fact reiteration *Richard Roe* in answer to each incoming call:—

"Hold the line, please . . . Mr. Kaskel for Miss Hutzler . . . Just a minute. Irving did you take that package up to Ovington's? . . . Richard Roe . . . For you, Peggy . . . I'm awfully sorry, Bill, I'm all balled up on my dates this week; I'll give you a call in the morning . . . Caledonia soandso? Mr. Furness calling Mr. Sonneborn . . . Richard Roe . . . He's busy talking, will you hold on? . . . Who put this thing on my desk from the First National Bank? . . . Sorry, the wire's still busy . . . He's not here right now, is there any message? . . . Yes Mr. Roe . . . Miss Whaley please get out the Joseph Horne file for Mr. Furness . . . Replying yours of 28th, goods were shipped direct from the factory as per instructions . . . Well you certainly got a nerve . . . pale green, it was a knockout . . . Richard Roe . . . Sure, the Brevoort at 12.45 . . ."

Mingle this with click of typewriters, murmur of dictation, rattle of papers, ringing bells, Mr. Gall's habit of sneezing and the smell of Richard's cigar. The Metropolitan chime rolls across the square, a deep confident voice; or perhaps the all-hearing ear would catch a fainter sound, the protest of Irving the pale office-boy. They could not understand why even the nearest errand took Irving so long. He was reproached, and promised to do better. But finally he came to Minnie. "Miss Hutzler, I think I'll have to give up this job," he said sadly. "Up and down fourteen flights of stairs is too much for me." "What on earth do you mean?" asked Minnie. He explained that his mother had made him promise not to ride in elevators, which she did not think were safe. "Well," said Minnie, "then you'd better get a job with the street-cleaning department."

Richard, bred in the free and easy ways of the theatre and the publishing business, did not insist on rigid office discipline. If they sometimes stayed out longer than the conventional hour at lunch, they more than made up for it by remaining late in the afternoon. Richard himself lunched most often at Mouquin's on Sixth Avenue, where he met old cronies of the book trade. The level-headed Miss Mac sometimes joined him there and listened attentively to his reports on the progress of the business. She never alluded to the fact that she was a stockholder, but it was always in the back of Richard's mind; he was enormously proud when he could celebrate the first anniversary of the company by handling her a small dividend check.

But it was Minnie who was in many ways the motive center of the enterprise. There is no human activity more satisfying than that of a small busy office, small enough to preserve the humors of intimacy, busy enough to give the sense of achievement. Happiness depends on the delicate balance between forgetting and remembering one's self. The best hours of the day speed exquisitely fast in brisk companionship and continual absorption in detail which keeps the mind alert without wearying it. Minnie, in the prime of her intuitions and with the intoxicating freedom of full independence, exulted in a refreshed sense of power. Perhaps she abused it a little, as woman usually does. She had that rare virtuoso grasp of business as an intricate fascinating game in which the skilful player foresees the moves a long way ahead. Once when old Jake Hack was in town he invited her up to his room at the Waldorf to discuss business plans. He was their principal backer and had shown surprising confidence. Minnie described the Roe campaign in detail and showed him proofs of the advertising she had been writing—*What the Well-Dressed Desk Will Wear.* "Your stuff has made a real hit with us," he said. "I don't know why we ever let you get away from Hack Brothers. If I was twenty years younger I'd make you an offer to go back into business with me. I mean personally."

Minnie was both amused and touched: the overture was so thoroughly in keeping with the plushy and slightly faded furnishings of the Waldorf. "Never mind about the twenty years," she said. "If I went into business with you it would be just that, *business.*"

He recognized the skilful negative. A shrewd merchant knows well enough when the goods he offers are not adequate for a deal. Jake continued to have for her the affectionate respect one sharp bargainer has for another; extended the notes of Richard Roe Inc. without hesitation, and gave her good counsel about too hasty expansion. "There's talk nowadays about a freeze-up of credit," he said. "Don't let it scare you; it's nothing. This is only a sprinkle of frost. The momentum of the War will carry us on quite a ways yet. The real Cold Wave will come later. Look out for it."

He pondered in a deep armchair, pulling on his cigar, drawing downward his thick pads of grizzled eyebrow. He was in the mood of candor that comes upon a business man away from his own shop.

"I shouldn't wonder we'll feel it first of all in Detroit," he said. "If I hear any wolves howl I'll tip you off."

"We'll keep an eye on the stock market," Minnie ventured.

"Don't fool yourself. Wall Street ain't climate; it's only thermometer. You can set your thermostat at seventy, what good does that do you if there's not enough steam in the boiler.—You keep your eye on the cash department stores. They play mighty close to the customers."

They had a whiskey and soda together, and Jake reflected that it had been an ideal restful evening: intelligent talk about sensible matters. She gave him a friendly kiss when she left, for she saw it would be good for his morale. Indeed who can say that the gesture did not have its own bearing on increased car-loadings in the Wolverine City the next few weeks. Even Minnie herself, riding back toward Washington Square on a bus, was not unaware of elation. "Little Minnie Hutzler," she said to herself, "been kissed by the biggest retail merchant in Detroit."

Minnie was a spirited taskmaster in the office; she did not even hesitate to ring up Richard at Mouquin's if she thought he was tarrying too long over lunch; she stood out for prices and contracts where he himself would have weakened. When the salesmen came to the office, looking forward to resting their feet and a little flirtation with Jenny and Peggy, she already had lists of new agenda for them. One of her tactical triumphs was hiring Lou Kaskel, which she did for its moral effect on Jenny. Jenny was always susceptible to what might roughly be described as glamor. While Mr. Kaskel appeared as a bold ravisher from outside, with dark hair slicked into a solid balsam paste, pointed cordovan shoes, and a dashing roadster available for week-ends, he was a possible menace to Jenny's peace of mind. Seen in the routine of every day, he lost much of his allure. But he was a good salesman. "Always have at least one kike on the sales force," said Minnie. "He sets a pace for the others. I ought to know."

The various complications of Jenny and Peggy provided Minnie with as much comedy relief as she could absorb. It's a pity, Hubbard reflected after some of her anecdotes, that the story can't be written only for women to read. What a literature could be created if one were quite sure that men, with their rigid preconceptions, would never read it.

Herman Schmaltz happened to go down to the Brevoort for lunch one day. He saw Minnie and the two girls sitting with a bottle of wine and great hilarity. As a matter of fact they were enjoying some harmless jape about sending a cold drumstick of chicken by mail to Mr. Gall's pet cat. But Herman's experience with the Y. M. C. A. and some phases of mortal frolic he had seen in France had made him dubious about mirth. He did not think it altogether seemly that his brother-in-law's stenographers should be laughing so hard in business hours. He even said so to Hazel, who hastened to repeat the idea where it would do the most harm.

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Books for the holidays are not necessarily what are commonly thought of as holiday books," says the London *Times*, "the latter defy classification. What one person would pack into his luggage would be regarded by another as spoil-joy fare. Fiction, for instance, good or bad, does not appeal to every taste. It is a widespread habit with people of little leisure to make a mental note of certain books that have attracted attention on publication, promising themselves to read them when the holidays come."

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NEW WORLDS FOR OLD

Our Mexican Policy

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY IN MEXICAN RELATIONS. By JAMES MORTON CALLAHAN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

THE substitution of goodwill, following two decades of friction in United States-Mexican relations, resulting from the diplomacy of Dwight Morrow, suggested the appropriateness of this historical review. The field is familiar to Professor Callahan, whose wide researches into United States foreign policy include various published monographs dealing with Mexican relations. This volume is based chiefly on the manuscript archives of the Department of State; it re-views United States policy toward its Southern neighbor through the eyes of our official representatives, ministerial and consular, in the light of their instructions from our Secretaries of State. Since 1907 the author places his main reliance on the published "Papers Relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States," supplemented by the "Congressional Record" and other Senate and House documents, newspaper clippings, and a few secondary works. It is, with certain exceptions, to be noted subsequently, the characteristic academic product, worked up from a set of primary sources and seeking to maintain objectiveness. It has the usual—though by no means inevitable—defects of this approach. The narration suffers from its studied colorlessness. Nor is there, despite the mining of the original sources, anything new, either in fact or in interpretation brought to light. The official and conventional viewpoint generally prevails without searching scrutiny. The same field was covered several years ago by Professor J. Fred Rippy in fully as scholarly a manner—indeed with utilization of a larger variety of sources—and in a far more sprightly fashion.

The unilateral approach gives ground for not infrequent dissent: the author refers to John W. Foster's forwarding to the State Department various Mexican newspaper articles "one of which reflected the Mexican view that the purpose of President Hayes was 'to withdraw public attention from the irregularities of his election and to provoke a war.'" It may have been the Mexican view, but that it was also an American view, and of no less an American than Foster himself, his memoirs thus record:

> Certain gentlemen . . . especially interested in . . . the administration of President Hayes, had conceived the idea that in view of the tension in the public mind created by the partisans of Mr. Tilden and of the disturbed condition of affairs in the Southern States, it would divert attention from pending issues and tend greatly to consolidate the new administration, if war could be brought on with Mexico. . .

Nor does Mr. Callahan's comment concerning the famous "Ord order,"—giving the American commander, General E. O. C. Ord, discretionary power to cross the frontier—seem wholly judicial: "Recognizing the volatile and childish character of the (Mexican) people and their incapacity to treat a great public question with calmness and without prejudice, he (Foster) promptly prepared in reply. . ." Professor Callahan evidently does not share Burke's view that one cannot indict a whole people.

A corresponding bias appears in the chapter on "Policy toward Mexico in Revolution." "The Wilson policy in refusing to recognize the Huerta government," writes Mr. Callahan, . . . "instigated Huerta to turn from a conciliatory policy to one of hostility—illustrated in the Mexican inexcusable arrest and imprisonment of American marines in American uniform in Tampico. . ." Was this episode as "inexcusable" as the subsequent bombardment of Vera Cruz because Huerta refused to salute the American flag in the exact manner prescribed by Woodrow Wilson? That the arrest was made by an underling, that the commanding Mexican officer at Tampico promptly disavowed his subordinate's act, ordered the men released and apologized to the United States admiral in command, and that Huerta knew nothing about the arrest until it was a *fait accompli*, Mr. Callahan does not relate.

Nor do the facts warrant the following justification for the Vera Cruz occupation: "President Wilson, disgusted with the series of international irritations and insults which had resulted from the year of Mexican disorder, was finally instigated to seek reparation by a naval and military force. . ." The truth is that Wilson exhibited a Job-like patience with Carranza and Villa, blandly disregarding their continued "irritations and insults" while he sought pretexts to vindicate his preconceived antagonism to Huerta. It was Wilson and not Huerta who was the aggressor, and Wilson's message to Congress seeking support for his armed intervention, directly contravened the dispatches sent by his naval commanders, which indeed are printed in "Foreign Relations."

Apart from these perhaps controversial matters must be recorded an extraordinary number of errors in proper names. Mexican surnames are well-known "proof-room eluders," and exceptional indeed is the work in which a few typographical errors do not slip by. But on a single page (19) one finds Apodeca for Apodaca, Augustin for Agustin, Vincent for Vicente, Igula for Iguala. The *Diario Oficial* (as important in Mexico as the Congressional Record in the U. S.) is invariably referred to as the *Diario Oficiel*. But even less understandable is the index, which is the most inadequate this reviewer has ever encountered in any work bearing an academic *imprimatur*. Some fifty proper names in the first fifty pages of text do not appear in the index. To list the omissions would require too much space, but by way of illustration, Manuel Bermudez Zozaya, Mexico's first envoy to the United States—and a fairly important character in this history—appears in the text on pages 22, 23 and 28—but not in the index. Such omission would not be worth recording were it not the rule rather than the exception. The next Mexican minister fares even worse. His name is incorrectly given as Parlo (instead of Pablo) Obregon, and despite allusions to him on pages 23, 39, 43, and 52, he is not found in the index. Such important figures as the first two Presidents of Mexico, Guadalupe Victoria and Gomez Pedraza, although discussed on pages 38, 42, 56, and 55 and 56 respectively, are not indexed. Such omissions, though conspicuous, are really of less consequence to the reader than those of some little known character who appears in the text merely as a surname such as "Mr. Taylor" (p. 25) or "Dr. Dwight" (p. 32), and for further identification of whom one looks in vain.

ILLUSTRATION FOR "MEXICAN MAZE" (LIPPINCOTT), BY DIEGO RIVERA.

The Bismarckian System

EUROPEAN ALLIANCES AND ALIGNMENTS 1871-1890. By WILLIAM L. LANGER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931.

Reviewed by T. H. THOMAS

PROFESSOR LANGER'S work stands out as the first general treatment of this period which copes with the whole body of new material forthcoming since 1918. With no exaggeration he refers to this as "a staggering mass of data rapidly becoming too great for one human mind to grasp." He notes: "Within the space of a few years we have been literally overwhelmed by a landslide of documentary and other source material, to say nothing of a long and impressive series of monographic studies of special points." The latter, one may add, have rather increased the confusion of this landslide, for the very special angle of the monograph often loses sight of the general current and slips all too easily into special pleading. Nevertheless, the author has faced unflinchingly the task of dealing with this mass of secondary material: "I have made full use of the documentary sources, memoirs, biographies, and correspondence, but I have also drawn freely upon whatever was suggestive and valuable in the critical work of English, French, German, Italian, and Russian scholars." As a result, the book not only offers a comprehensive historical survey, but opens the door to the whole literature bearing on the period.

This result, moreover, is not a series of critical discussions addressed to the student but a straightforward, readable narrative such as will appeal to the general reader. The march of the narrative never breaks down into explorations of special episodes; and the reader is not led aside into byways of historical controversy. It is true that he does not pass unscathed through these regions; episodes that were contentious and controversial by their very nature naturally enough impart the heat of the fray in some degree to subsequent researches;—and in the route he takes the author digs up the tomahawk more frequently than all readers might realize. But he always moves forward, and his readers are not brought to a halt by these passages-at-arms;—even when one is aroused to protest at the direction the narrative takes, there always is a direction and the narrative always moves forward. Nor is the text accompanied by a guerilla warfare of footnote commentaries: the critical apparatus is reduced to a minimum; and the page of text is not a compilation of fragmentary quotations. Last of all, the narrative is set forth in a clear, straightforward style, with a freshness and life that comes from the author's zest of interest in his subject matter;—without deliberate literary effects of any kind, and singularly free from conventional phrases.

In the past, most books available in English have dealt with this period from a rather English perspective, taking up primarily events which affected British policy and touching rather intermittently the general evolution of the Continental powers. Actually, from 1860 Prussia rapidly became the focal point of European history, with Bismarck either taking the lead or making the outside course of things conform to the direction he had chosen. The author has properly shifted the centre of things to the Continent, and made clear the continuous central influence exerted by Bismarck. His central theme, in fact. is the development of Bismarck's "system." This involves, more or less, a corresponding foreshortening of outlying features: the policies and problems of England, France, Austria, Russia, and Italy are not ignored, but are shown rather as they appeared from the particular perspective of Berlin;—in the way they affected the general scheme of things outlined by Bismarck. If something is lost, much is gained by this treatment; for the single point of perspective gives a coherence and unity which is invaluable.

As often as not the effect of these other powers on Bismarck's policy was decidedly disturbing, and in this respect the temper of the book is by no means uniform. At times, as in the intricate preliminary negotiations leading up to the various alliances, the author shows a striking grasp of the different national interests and demands to be reconciled, handling the problems as a whole with marked detachment. But when conflicts develop, and when Bismarck himself becomes drawn into the conflict, the standpoint and the sympathies of the narrative become sharply Bismarckian. The point of criticism to be made is not easy to phrase with fairness. It is not a case of being partisan, in the ordinary sense of the term: the author does not take sides in the sense of being hostile to France or Austria or Russia;—and in fact he makes an important contribution in stressing the close and friendly relations between Bismarck and the French government during the early '80's. It is rather that the task of explaining Bismarck's motives and purposes leads imperceptibly into justifying them, and from that to justifying the actual course he followed. What follows is a somewhat rationalized Bismarck and a narrative in which the defensive interpretation at times pinches out the record of things as they actually happened.

In a volume that offers so much, it seems ungenerous to ask for more, but the narrative suffers from not taking due account of Bismarck's having to deal simultaneously with foreign policy and pressing necessities of politics at home. At times the political factor is quite underestimated. "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. The Kulturkampf was part and parcel of Bismarck's policy to isolate France and prevent the formation of a coalition against Germany." The Kulturkampf will hardly go into this nutshell.

A particularly welcome note is the absence of stereotyped moralizing. The author observes:

> In the course of my researches I have been drawn further and further away from the cheap and frequently ignorant arraignments of the "old diplomacy" which are so much in vogue at the present day. I have become less and less willing to believe that men in that day were more wicked, more unscrupulous, and more evil-minded than in our own or any other day. At bottom, it seems to me, the statesmen and governments of this period were confronted with the rapidly growing complexity of modern life, quite as much as upon domestic problems, if not more.

This attitude of mind is faithfully borne out in the book. No "old diplomacy" is foisted upon us; and still better, no false perspective warps and distorts the events of the period into an artificial background for the World War.

The music library of the late Don Sebastian de Bourbon, containing about 900 items, has been presented to the Madrid Municipality. It includes manuscripts of Rossini and Verdi.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

JOHN G. CARLISLE, FINANCIAL STATESMAN. By JAMES A. BARNES. Dodd, Mead. 1932. $5.

If one were to judge Carlisle only by the extent to which he is remembered, it would be necessary to class him with the host of minor statesmen who have contributed, without much personal distinction, to the political development of the United States, and let his personality go. Yet as member and Speaker of the House of Representatives, and as Secretary of the Treasury, he exercised a considerable influence upon federal policy and legislation, and was second only to Cleveland in a strenuous battle to avert national financial collapse. What kept him from greatness, as greatness is reckoned in American politics, was his unstable mind and his inability to reach sound conclusions save by devious and hesitating steps.

He opposed the return to specie payments in 1879, after the long period in which such payments had been suspended, and championed the mischievous Bland silver bill, but at the same time opposed the free coinage of silver and eventually supported Cleveland in selling bonds to maintain the gold reserve. His rigid Democratic principles made him a staunch opponent of protection, but he showed no practical understanding of how the high protective duties that had been enacted might properly be reduced. His position as Secretary of the Treasury at a time when the silver agitation had taken on threatening proportions would have been difficult at best, and the difficulty was increased by his own lack of financial or business experience and a pervading hostility to "Wall Street," but the bankers who blamed him for delay in protecting the gold reserve forgave his hesitation because of his stand for "sound money." Mr. Barnes has done a sound piece of work, and his general estimate of Carlisle as "the outstanding statesman of the South" in the generation that followed the Civil War is justified by the record which he has assembled.

Fiction

CITY OF ENCOUNTERS. By THOMAS BURKE. Little, Brown. 1932. $2.50.

The subtitle, "A London Divertissement," offers the cue to the entertainment Mr. Burke supplies in this latest book, which contains six sketches and five nominal stories. The sketches, variously successful, are concerned with London, the amenities of authorship, Charlie Chaplin, a police-court magistrate, the lower middle-class householder of Tooting; all are expansively sentimental, evoking moods, dreams, and memories of Mr. Burke's earlier life in London; there are jottings about strange characters encountered, curious tidbits of information about London, authors, actors, every-day people. There are also excursions into minor criticism, eulogies of Chaplin, Dreiser, Masefield, Edward Thomas—a journalistic hodgepodge that will interest only those who are interested in literary chitchat and "sidelights" on a great metropolis and its variegated citizenry.

At least two of the stories contain material for fine fiction—"A Pantaloon" and "A Quintet"—but they suffer so greatly from a lack of both focus and integration that they are at best character sketches, a series of working notes from which Mr. Burke, or some other, might construct good short stories. All five offer Mr. Burke's persistently successful evocation of a mood of romance, of strangeness, of magic in commonplace surroundings. Yet all, at least in their present form, are banal.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. By JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER. Stokes. 1932. $2.

There was reason enough for reprinting this sentimental tale of an American doctor's life in a forsaken Tyrol community which first appeared in 1917 under the pseudonym of John Roland. It is a good book, full of a gentle philosophy and close to the loves and hates and superstitions and follies of people rooted in the earth. But it is not a great book. Imitative and sometimes vaguely reminiscent of the work of Dostoievsky it is throughout too soft and too theatrical. It makes interesting reading, but Mr. Oliver has not written a work of art.

Briefly the story is that of an American doctor whose chief characteristics are gentleness and a sense of shame. He tries to forget his shame in work in Austria. Fate, his desire to bury himself, and a sympathy for a poor community which has no doctor carry him to the little mountain village of Thiersee. There among the various types he finds a priest who is a poet and a philosopher and who like himself has fled from his past, and a school teacher whose sense of shame finally becomes insanity. There, too, in the midst of a very melodramatic scene he meets, without knowing her, since he has never met her before, the woman about whom he had built a sentimental day dream romance for himself. He serves the people well as doctor and, when he is fortuitously called to play the Christus in the local Passion Play, he emerges as the true Good Shepherd of Thiersee.

Mr. Oliver's knowledge of his people and his scene, his wide learning in both medicine and theology cannot make this more than the merely good book it is because of Mr. Oliver's melodramatics and sentimentality.

ODIN IN FAIRYLAND. By OLAV DUNN. Knopf. 1932. $2.50.

This is the fourth volume of a six volume novel called "The People of Juvik." It continues the story of a family, the Juvikings, who nearly two centuries ago rowed into a little fjord in the north of Norway and settled. Proud, pagan, aloof, they had prospered and grown to be a terror to their neighbors for their scorn of the conventions of civilization and their contempt of the superstitions of the villagers. When, however, Anders, one of two brothers, left his ancestral farm and moved over to the village, a split came in the line. Anders, still a great chieftain and leader in village affairs, nonetheless yielded to social pressure; his line lost the fierce vigor that had before distinguished them; the men grew weaker and gentler — clergymen and scholars; only the women carry on the dauntless traits of the older generations, women married to weaklings whom they rule and despise. From the brother who remains on the farm come lawless vagabonds, wild seamen, American wanderers, poets—men bewildered in the new civilization that confronts them and by the new ethics to which they are forced to conform.

For three generations, then, both lines decay, unable to cope with the new conditions that are too strong for their pagan arrogance. Now in the fourth volume comes the change, the beginning of the rise; here before our eyes an old civilization gives place to a new and the preceding books take form and purpose. The whole series is a study of the change from a frontier culture to the complicated social structure of today. Odin, the illegitimate son of a woman of the Juvikings, grows up wholly in the new world, his mind swept clear of the dreams of past greatness, but sure of his importance and his destiny. His father had been an unworldly dreamer; his mother had grown bitter in poverty and under the yoke of marriage to a weakling. Poverty drives Odin back into civilization, determined to find his place in it. He is hard headed enough to know what dreams he can make come true. He makes the first synthesis of the new and the old.

The manner of the telling is interesting: clear images of a boy's world, the growth of a boy's mind to independence, confused understanding of an adult world about him portrayed through the laconic conversation of the *bonde*, indirect but heavy with connotations. The little world of the fjord, a complete cosmos, grows up before the reader in clearer and clearer outline, and he sees not a carefully arranged presentation but the peasant's world through the peasant's eyes, and he hears the peasant talking unembarrassed his natural idiom. And this homeliness of detail, this authenticity has been carried over into the translation.

TRAFTON HELEN. By JONATHAN LEONARD. Houghton Mifflin. 1932. $2.

Jonathan Leonard's latest novel provides better entertainment than his "Sympathetic to Bare Feet." Here is a weird little Yankee village, akin in spirit although so foreign in aspect to the villages of the mystic towns of Irish literature, where people have the gift of tongues and talk in symbols. Leonard, as story teller, is an eccentric like his rustic "characters" whom he loves to dwell upon. Here he puts a new twist into his obsessing theme, a theme indicated by the title to one of his volumes—"The Meddlers." This time it is youth in alliance with two village worthies, Jacob Pease the ancient carpenter who identifies God with his pet cobweb and has a faculty for speaking his mind with true Yankee tactlessness, and Parloe Gates, his friend and neighbor, who for decades past has been engaged to Aunt Lucy—she of "Aunt Lucy's Preserves" fame.

Helen Trafton and Brooke Trafton, her husband, only half alive in their big country house, are restlessly seeking love affairs. It is old Jacob Pease's theory that they are seeking youth. Helen has imported a gigolo called Julio. Brooke begins paying stealthy visits to a pretty village girl. Then Tom, their son, expelled from school, comes home. Tom is one of Leonard's best creations. He is impossible, of course, accepted literally; but he is in his unmitigated boyish gall, his unhackneyed slant on schools and ideas and life, a rare specimen. Tom heads an organization which he dubs the student council consisting of himself, his school friend "Gripes," a local lad named Sim, and the two old codgers previously named. The purpose of the student council is to turn the tables on hypocritical parents and teachers with their high and mighty moral precepts and, from an equally high moral plane, break up their shocking "goings-on."

Leonard is certainly an "original." His quirky, abrupt language, his homely figures, and his extravagent symbolism give his work a unique flavor and impart a dry humor. But his ideas seem to be as limited as his understanding. His compass is narrow, surrounded by rock-ribbed hills. He overworks his exaggerations and goes off the deep end in his highly personal symbolism. It is a new quality in his irony which makes his latest tale probably his best.

Miscellaneous

THE RUSSIAN EMERGES. By *Nicholas Ignatieff*. Macmillan. $1.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS IDEA. Documents and Correspondence of Theodore Marburg. Edited by *John H. Latané*. Macmillan. 2 vols. $8.

COUP D'ÉTATS: THE TECHNIQUE OF REVOLUTION. By *Curzio Malaparte*. Dutton. $2.50.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN ECONOMIC LIFE. By *E. C. Kirklands*. New York: F. S. Crofts & Co. $5.

WHAT PRICE WALL STREET. By *Forrest Davis*. New York: William Godwin, Inc. $3.

THE HISTORY OF THE PESTILENCE [1625]. By *George Wither*. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by *J. Milton French*. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press.

Brief Mention

The Italian scholar Federico Olivero, who has already published a translation of the Poems of Poe now issues through the Edizioni de L'Erma of Turin, *A Study of Edgar Allan Poe*, a pamphlet of 200 odd pages with a bibliography. It will be of considerable interest to American scholars since although, except for an unusual classification of Poe's literary work, it seems to contain no startling theory, it is free from the social and psychological considerations which have governed so much recent work on Poe and concerns itself with careful esthetic and analytic criticism, with an excellent use of foreign parallels and a wide knowledge of sources and influences. * * * The late George Herbert Mead, professor of philosophy of the University of Chicago and a thinker of power and originality, delivered a series of lectures before his death on the philosophy of the present, by which he did not mean the contemporary situation but rather the status of any object when it occurs and while it is occurring. This material has been edited by Arthur E. Murphy and published, with a preface by John Dewey, by the Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago (*The Philosophy of the Present*, $3). It is an important though necessarily incomplete presentation of Mead's philosophical theory.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed for the summer to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, London, S.W. 3. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

A. B. W., Fayetteville, Tenn., says that a club is to study biography this season and needs a book on the principles of this art as well as the best biographies of Pope, Goethe, Wordsworth, Emerson, Cervantes, Cromwell, Catherine the Great, and George Meredith, and my own choice of one of my personal favorites in this form.

ANDRÉ Maurois's "Aspects of Biography" (Appleton) is in the form of lectures, making it especialy suitable for this purpose; it surveys the subject from every modern point of view and treats it as one having authority. It so happens that all but one, perhaps two, of the characters mentioned have been lately subjects of biography of high and lasting merit. The one about whom I am doubtful is Oliver Cromwell, whose biography I suspect has not yet been written, in spite of John Drinkwater's praises in "Oliver Cromwell" (Houghton Mifflin) or the outcries of G. R. S. Taylor in "Cromwell" (Little, Brown), to say nothing of earlier works. His latest is Encardio Monigliano's "Cromwell" (Scribner), translated from the Italian and having at least the advantage of access to new material, which is used with balance. Katherine Anthony's "Catherine the Great" (Knopf) subjected her to the new psychology as a lady but left her part in history less illuminated; Francis Gribble's "The Comedy of Catherine the Great" (Dutton) is another of those things Gribblers love; gossip about the great.

But the others are all high above the crowd. Edith Sitwell's "Alexander Pope" (Farrar & Rinehart) is in precisely the vein for the "swan of Twickenham" whose feathers were usually so ruffled; a passionately partisan work, as much a picture of the time as a portrait of the poet, erudite and engrossing. She has just published in England, by the way, a study of Beau Nash and his time, "Bath" (Faber & Faber), in which she puts her special gifts for this period once more to work. H. W. Nevinson's "Goethe: Man and Poet" (Harcourt, Brace) is to my mind the best introduction an American reader can have to the writings of Goethe and a sound basis for understanding of his character and his place in the world of his time: it is the book above all for the English-speaking world's part in the world's celebration still in progress. Herbert Read's "Wordsworth" (Cape) shows the man through his work, referring that largely to his relations with Antoinette Vallon and his sister Dorothy. Thomas Ybarra has given us a much-needed life of the author of Don Quixote: his "Cervantes" (Boni) is also a study of the time. R. E. Sencourt's "Life of George Meredith" (Scribner) is his definitive biography.

I have already spoken in such high terms of E. F. Benson's "Charlotte Brontë" (Longmans, Green) and Caroline MacLean's "Dorothy Wordsworth" (Viking) that I might be expected to name one or the other for the choice expected. But good as they are, I believe Ethel Colburn Maynes's "Life and Letters of Lady Byron" (Scribner) to be still the best biography of a woman yet published in English: it combines sound scholarship (with the excuse for exercising it afforded by much newly accessible material) with a power of personal evocation little less than magic. For the past two or three years I have been hoping that Miss Mayne might utilize some of the by-products of her exact and extensive documentation of this period by a double biography of Lady Bessborough and Lady Catherine Lamb—a book she could do to perfection and one that everyone with the smallest Byronic bee in his bonnet would read. But so far I have heard nothing of this, and Elizabeth Jenkins has just published "Lady Caroline Lamb" (Little, Brown), the first full-length, thoroughly sympathetic life of the lady who so upset Childe Harold. It has many merits, not the least of which is that by a skilful condensation it makes it unnecessary to read "Glenarvon."

I have not read the "Life of Joseph Wright," by his wife (Oxford University Press), but I have ordered it, and if it is half so fine a work as every critic here seems to find it, it may dislodge other favorites from my biography shelf. It is the life story of an indomitable Yorkshireman born in the workhouse, unable at fifteen to read or to write, and at nineteen reading and writing three languages besides his own; carrying to completion on his own responsibility the magnificent edifice of the "English Dialect Dictionary," and closing a long life after a long career as Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford. In short, it is a "success story" but with a glorious difference, so I am told.

A. M., Boston, writes: "Your correspondent who asked about books for the general reader on early Indian Life might well be informed of a book just published, "Givers of Life; American Indians as Contributors to Civilization," by Emma Franklin Estabrook (Marshall Jones). It is a study of the Pueblo Indians, and was the second choice of the Scientific Book Club for July.

"BEING interested," says M. R., Milwaukee, Wis., "in your discussion about covered bridges, I thought that you might like to know that there are still three covered bridges in Wisconsin. The Butterfield bridge, in Sauk county on State Trunk Highway 33, eight miles east of Baraboo; the Behrens bridge, in Ozaukee county, on a town road in section 10, east of Cedarburg, and the Boscobel bridge, on State Trunk Highway 27 between Grant and Crawford counties one mile north of Boscobel."

B. H., Sheffield, Pa., asks the author and title of a recent biography of Edgar Allan Poe, favorably received by critics. The latest biography, in the strict sense of the word, is the "Israfel" of Hervey Allen (Doubleday, Doran) which appeared in 1926 and is regarded as the nearest to a definitive biography that we have. But the fictionized biography of Dorothy Dow, "Dark Glory" (Farrar & Rinehart), published this Spring, produces a sense of his personality that has moved critics to praise.

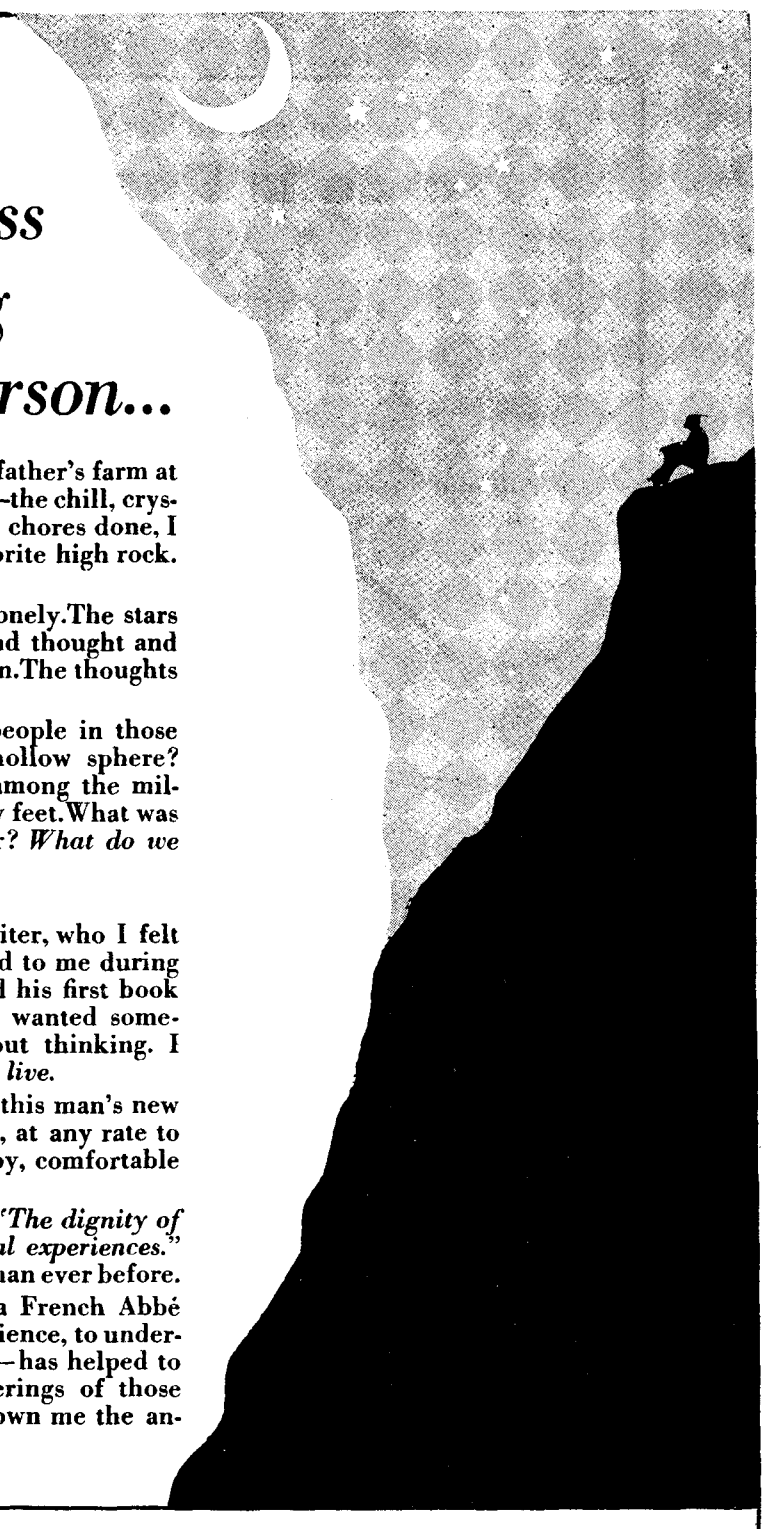
E. B. W., Berkeley, Cal., though not a Catholic, enjoys the beauty of that service and wishes to get some understanding of the meaning of various parts of the mass. "I shall certainly enjoy Italy a great deal more if I have this knowledge." The book that I would myself choose for this purpose would be Fortescue's "The Mass" (Longmans, Green); there are brief treatments of the subject such as Abbé Durand's "Catholic Ceremonies and Explanation of the Ecclesiastical Year" (Benziger). Two books by the famous English scholar, C. C. Martindale, S. J., used as guides by the devout, would also be valuable to this student: "The Mind of the Missal" and its further development, "The Words of the Missal" (Macmillan), the latter just published; it examines the keywords of the prayers and brings out their inner meanings. One section shows the reader who does not understand Latin how to get the meaning of the Latin of the Mass.

R. B., Massachusetts, asks for a book on the restoration of old furniture such as a determined amateur could put to use on his own finds, and also for a guide for an amateur collector of American silver. "Knowing, Collecting and Restoring Early American Furniture," by H. H. Taylor (Lippincott), includes careful, complete information on repairing old pieces so as to bring them back to proper condition; the book is on that and other points a great help to an inexperienced collector. "Early American Silver," by C. L. Avery, of the administrative staff of the Metropolitan Museum, is one of a useful series of illustrated volumes on American antiques published by the Century Co., taking in the work of silversmiths of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. "Historic Silver of the Colonies," by Frances Hall Bigelow (Macmillan), a popular and pratical illustrated handbook, has been recently issued at a reduced price that makes it a bargain. By the way, there are sidelights on the restoring of old English furniture, the kind so precious you must take it up like a young baby and never, never sit upon it, in "No Friendly Drop" (Brewer, Warren & Putnam), an unusually good detective story by the author of "The Duke of Yorks Steps."

HERE are a few more items that have gathered for the Footprinters' Association and the California Sheriff's Office. Inspector Pointer, sleuth who figures in the novels of "A. Fielding," gets at the truth through "The Footprints that Stopped" in the novel of that title (Knopf). Sir Charles Driffield, favorite

(*Continued on page* 59)

The Strangeness of Being A Person...



WHEN I was a boy of fifteen, I lived on my father's farm at the foot of Tomahawk Hill. Some nights—the chill, crystal clear nights of a New England autumn—my chores done, I used to climb Tomahawk Hill to reach my favorite high rock. Indian's Nose we called it.

I was fifteen. Tomahawk Hill was high and lonely.The stars and moon above me, I sat on Indian's Nose and thought and thought—about the strangeness of being a person.The thoughts of youth...long, long thoughts...

How big the world was! Were there other people in those stars? What was my place in this enormous hollow sphere? Soon, I knew, I would have to wander down among the millions of unknown earth-inhabitants below at my feet.What was my relation to them? What should I strive for? *What do we live by?*

That was many years ago.

Only recently I stumbled upon a man, a writer, who I felt could talk to me as someone should have talked to me during those cool hours on Tomahawk Hill. I had read his first book —THE ART OF THINKING. It helped me—but I wanted something which would do more than advise about thinking. I wanted something which would tell me how to *live*.

I thought no book would ever do that—but this man's new book, called WHAT WE LIVE BY, has helped me, at any rate to escape from the commonplace—from the sleepy, comfortable unawareness of ordinary existence.

I remember one line from it, among many: *"The dignity of man lies in his desire to see beyond our material experiences."* That's true—truer in these tense, troubled days than ever before.

And all I can say is that this little book by a French Abbé has helped me to see beyond my material experience, to understand the nature of true personal distinction—has helped to bring back to me the wonder and the wonderings of those lonely nights on Tomahawk Hill—and has shown me the answers to some of my questions.

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Points of View

Art and the Multitude

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Just what was Mr. Branch Cabell driving at in his lively article on "Art, Beauty, and Balderdash," which you published in your issue of June 14? I am one of Mr. Cabell's readers and admirers, but I can find nothing to admire in the article in question. What he says about art criticism generally is true enough; few of the erudite, technical works on art or beauty help anyone toward appreciation of art. The way to learn to enjoy music, for instance, is to hear plenty of good music. The way to learn to enjoy pictures is to see as many as possible many times. The critic cannot give us the sense of beauty if we lack it. He cannot define beauty or enable us to know and feel it.

But Mr. Cabell was not content to ridicule the buncombe and balderdash often found in books on art and artists. He offered us some comments on the place of art in human life, or in the life of the artists themselves, and to some of these I beg to file a demurrer. I quote a few sentences:

> . . . If every existent art work could be dumped into the Pacific Ocean, most of us would be jogging on quite comfortably by Tuesday afternoon.
>
> . . . For no self-respecting taxpayer, at the year's end, does the time which he has devoted to "art" equal the time he has spent at the telephone or in the bathtub.
>
> . . . The importance of each finished art work to the artist also remains small.

The last quotation expresses a truth, but not an important one. The sincere and high-minded artist is never satisfied with his work, and he is more interested in his plans for the future than in his completed product. But the importance of art to humanity is inestimably great. The artist pleases himself and works because he likes the sort of thing he does, but the public loves art because it gets joy, solace, and inspiration from true art, and it is that fact which gives art its high place in life.

To say that "most of us" do not enjoy art is to utter a commonplace—more's the pity. But what about the minority who do care, who really enjoy art? That minority is the salt of the earth, and it alone matters, culturally speaking. Mallock once remarked that when we speak of French civilization, we have in mind some forty thousand Frenchmen only—the educated, cultivated, gifted, and progressive members of the French nation. But French civilization is a fact, and the loss to humanity would be incalculable if it could be, and were, dumped into the Atlantic.

Moreover, the minority who love and enjoy art is recruited from all classes and elements of the population. There are candlestick makers in that minority, Mr. Cabell, and barbers, keepers of delicatessen shops, humble school teachers, and stenographers. These will be found in the galleries of our opera or concert halls, and of the theaters, and many of them have to sacrifice meals in order to save the money for the tickets that admit them to the temples of art. How much time they, and others, devote to art, and how much to bathing and telephoning, is a question of no interest or significance. Intensity, not duration, tests the delight and satisfaction derived from art. There are certain thrilling moments we never forget, and most of these, in our lives, we owe to art.

Who can measure the debt we owe to Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Molière, Goethe, Heine, Balzac, Tougeniev? What would life be without the liberal and fine arts? Even the peasant and the unskilled laborer find pleasure in song and in romantic fable and legend.

I conclude that Mr. Cabell, an artist himself, is extremely unjust to the public, or the many publics, who appreciate and enjoy art. His cynical remarks show that paradox, extravagance, and balderdash are by no means the monopoly of the critics and pundits who write on art. Even creative artists sometimes talk arrant nonsense.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

The Daily News, Chicago.

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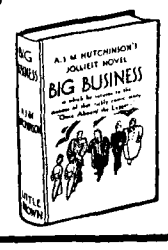

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The De Reszkes

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am collecting material for a biography of Jean and Edouard de Reszke and should appreciate any information which your readers could give me.

I am particularly anxious to see letters and to have first-hand accounts of incidents and anecdotes that would enhance the interest and the value of this biography. Let me stress the point that no reference or bit of information, no recollection of impressions, no matter how slight it may seem to the holder, will be without its importance to me.

All material sent me will be most respectfully treated and will be returned promptly.

CLARA M. LEISER.
26 Grove Street, New York, N. Y.

On Young Poets

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The recent comment of Mr. Benét in the "Round about Parnassus" on student anthologies interests me greatly, for I have taught high school classes in verse writing, have connived at one anthology, and have examined many others, though not the specific two that he reviewed. For a poet and critic his comment is very kindly. With less tolerance he might have quoted —"but there is an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyranically clapped for't: these are now the fashion"—

Verse writing in schools is now the fashion and will doubtless go the way of other fashions to sudden death and future resurrection. As education the movement, kept within limits, deserves praise. In one respect, if the teacher will keep hands off, student verse achieves the rank of literature—its quality of freshness. Inevitably it lacks substance and scope and finish. The best anthology of high school verse is Miss Nellie Sergent's "Younger Poets." (Appleton). It is national in scope.

The greatest good of the movement is one in which poets themselves may share indirectly. These young experimenters become readers and often lovers of poetry. They swell the poet's public. Sometimes when they have native talent they continue writing. One such, I notice, has recently contributed to the *Saturday Review.* No school can supply the original talent, yet every school that this particular writer has attended has nursed that talent. I hope the limpid sonnet I enclose may give you a moment's pleasure. It is by a young woman whose free gift of poetic feeling has been developed in class work of the creative type and who continues writing verse not for publication but for personal satisfaction, just as a musician enjoys playing his instrument.

SARA VORE TAYLOR.
Omaha, Neb.

TO YOU I DEDICATE A FAR IDEAL

By CHARLOTTE I. ROOT

To you I dedicate a far ideal
Of words unwasted, that I can not reach;
Because of you shall sometimes set the seal
Of silver silence on ungolden speech.
I shall recall how at day's end I sought
Their company who chatted as of old
With too much stress on what the hours had brought
Of difficulties and denied of gold.
And I who knew a failure more intense
Than theirs had kept my secret; but a voice
Accused me of success, and for defense
I bore confession as my only choice.
Then you, who had not spoken, flashed at me
Respect more sweet than any sympathy.

Information Wanted

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have been working for the past two years on a new dictionary of quotations, the material for which is rapidly getting into shape, so that I hope that the book will be published next spring, but there are a number of phrases, mostly of American origin, which I have been unable to run down. It may be that some of your readers can help me—at any rate it will be a great favor if you will publish this letter!

I have seen the statement: "There are three kinds of lies: lies, damn lies, and statistics" attributed to Abram Hewitt, but nobody has been able to tell me when and where and apropos of what he said it. Perhaps he didn't say it; if not, I should like to know who did.

And where did C. H. Grosvenor—whose specialty it was to figure out electoral votes in advance of election day—say, "Figures can't lie, but liars can figure?"

Who was it first used the expression, "Waving the bloody shirt?" I have seen it attributed to Roscoe Conkling, but I should like to know the exact occasion.

And where did the expression, "Shirt-sleeves diplomacy," originate, and also "Dollar diplomacy?"

Exactly where did Bernard Shaw first use the noun "Comstockery?"

And who coined the phrase, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party?"

Who first said that, in America, it is "three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves?"

Who first referred to America as "God's country?"

Who first called Washington "The city of magnificent distances?"

And when was it J. Pierpont Morgan said, "You can't unscramble eggs?"

These are some of the things about which I should like to be able to give accurate information, and any assistance that anybody can give me in doing so well will be very welcome.

BURTON STEVENSON.
Chillicothe, Ohio.

Uncut Books

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have been to two things lately that I feel sure would have made glad your heart. The Lewis Carroll Centenary at Bumpus's Bookshop was one of the very nicest parties I ever went to. Mrs. Hargreaves was charming and didn't look a day over fifty. She made a fluttering little speech with her hands full of roses and evidently enjoyed the whole thing immensely. The Dean of Christ Church (Oxford in its very quintessence!) spoke also with the Oxford tone of tempered humor, J. C. Squire kept everyone steadily laughing, and Sir Gerald DuMaurier was best of all in his own utterly natural and attractive way. He began by saying—not "Mrs. Hargreaves, ladies, and gentlemen" as all others had, but "Alice," etc.

The exhibition itself is very remarkable and interesting but you don't need to be assured of that knowing what Mr. Wilson, Bumpus's manager, is capable of.

My second chief delight was the performance given under the auspices of the Arts Theatre Club of a new play "Richard of Bordeaux." "John Gielgud" Ellen Terry's great nephew (who I believe will become the greatest Shakespearean actor living now) played the king and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies played Anne of Bohemia; both were perfect. The play is extremely clever and a remarkable tract for the times for it treats of the French and Irish wars in terms of today and is most earnest propaganda for peace and for mutual understanding. The whole thing, as a picture, was exquisite, worked out in all shades of browns, grays and yellows with black and white: scarcely any other color: and all the costumes absolutely historical.

How I wished Mr. James Bone had been here to write of both Richard and Alice as only he can write—topics more worthy of his pen than the Democratic Convention!—Have you read "The Running Footman"? If not, do!

ANTOINETTE BURGESS.
Stoke Poges, Bucks, England.

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from page 57*)

detective of "J. J. Connington," declares in "Mystery at Lynden Sands" (Little, Brown), that "plaster of paris gives a rotten result if you try to take casts of sand-impressions with it. Therefore we turn to melted wax or tallow, and by dropping it on very carefully in a thin layer at first, we get something that will serve our purpose." Now that I call technique, and I trust that no crime-tracker from now on will leave home without a number of plumber's candles and a blow-lamp. This novel also explains why a woman's footprint looks smaller than her shoe. This is sad news for me; I had clung to the hope that the tracks by which I trace myself home along the shore did me more than justice. And I hope that the Sheriff's Office has noted the recent cartoon in which H. T. Webster's Timid Soul, having shooed the very cat off a newly waxed floor, permits the plumber to parade it in hobnailed boots. By-the-way, Battley's "Single Fingerprints," lately published by the Yale University Press, is being distributed by the Bureau of Social Hygiene.

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THE ADVERTISING RATES FOR THIS classified page are as follows For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy minimum twelve words, 7 cents a word for one insertion; for any less number of insertions 10 cents a word for one insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before pubication date. Address Department GH. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

Trade Winds

By P. G. QUERCUS

POOR Old Quercus is supposed to be on vacation. But the conscientious Mermaids in the office (who have had theirs) bundled up all the mail on his desk and forwarded it to him. It is hard for him to deal with it, as his hands and feet are badly sunburned. And his mind feels like R. R. Donnelly's description of the Transport Building now being erected for the Chicago Fair. One of Donnelly's admirable publicity folders (superb examples of graphic salesmanship) says of this building, "the dome encloses the largest unobstructed area ever enclosed beneath a roof." That is just what Old Quercus's dome is like at this moment.

We have spoken before of the unwarranted habit of writing to authors and publishers appealing for free and autographed copies of books. When this is done in behalf of a needy or deserving charity it may occasionally be justified; otherwise it is mere mendicancy. One of the latest offenders in this respect is the University of Florida which has been writing to authors asking for donated copies of their books. Is this not beneath the dignity of a university?

And what shall we say of the Waterman Autograph Contest which has been a constant source of bedevilment to hard-working writers in recent months?

Old Quercus looks forward with particular interest to two books by Rainer Maria Rilke (author of the strange *Journal of My Other Self*) to be published in October by W. W. Norton. They are *Stories of God* and *The Tale of the Love and Death of Count Christopher Rilke*. They have been greatly successful in Germany and are sure to attract the attention of *Saturday Review* readers here. Mrs. W. W. Norton has done the translations, and the publisher has also been lucky enough to secure for the format of the volumes the services of Werner Helmer, distinguished German book-artist, who designed some of the original Rilke editions for the Insel-Verlag.

Mr. R. J. Bucholz, printer, of Cleveland, whose hobby is calligraphy and the making of exquisite little books by hand in individual copies, was a welcome visitor. He was speaking of what printers call *The Golden Proportion*, the relation between margin-widths supposed to create the perfect page. There is a definite—though somewhat complicated—rule of thumb by which the artist-typothete reaches this desired norm. But who will teach the writer to attain Golden Proportion in his text?

Mr. Bucholz, who had driven from Cleveland to New York with his family for a few days' vacation, said that people seen on Gotham pavements looked rather "on edge." Faces look much calmer in the rural districts, he thought. He remembered particularly one elderly man whom he had seen in a general store in Canandaigua, N. Y. This fortunate person had nothing more on his mind than to wait for a hawk, flying high in soaring arcs, to come down low enough for his shotgun. But is it not a parable of the Unknown Citizen and that lofty American eagle Taxation?

A client returns from California with high praise of Bullock's Book Shop in Los Angeles. He says it truly lives up to the statement printed on the paperjackets of "Bullock's Book Club"—"intelligently selects and presents books by contemporary authors as well as those books which are the recurring delight of each new generation."

Mermaid B. E. offers some more memoranda on the lectures on Bookselling she attended at the Columbia Summer School:

"From what the novice may judge, launching a ship is mere child's play compared with the difficulties of launching a bookshop in an exceedingly indifferent world. The uninitiated might think that one rented a shop, stocked it with books, decorated the windows and then stood discreetly inside the door, looking bookish and cooperative, waiting for customers. But no; not at all. Every shelf must have a satisfactory reason for being placed just where it is. Every table must have books alluringly displayed—not too many of one title, just the psychological sufficiency. There must be free aisle space so that the customer's hesitant feet may not meet with opposition and wander from their purpose. The bookseller must know his psychology so well that he can place his most seductive new books where the eye of the customer is sure to fall on them at once.

"I admit that I was a bit startled when I heard the direction 'Always stand between your customer and the door.' It seemed to me that these were stern measures indeed. I was stunned into rigid attention as I waited for the words, 'Place the right hand firmly in the back of your victim's collar and hold him there until he has ordered a book.' It seems, however, that the real reason for this regulation is so that the bookseller may be able to see who comes in the shop and not allow his fine edition collector to slink around in the background for half an hour, unnoticed.

"But even when you have collected a few faithful customers and you are practicing all of the best principles of salesmanship, your new bookshop is not yet out of the woods. You must read the papers carefully each morning, both news and society columns. In the news section you may find some headline information which will form the central idea for a good window display. In the society section, there is a gold mine awaiting you—club activities, people sailing for Europe, the announcements of school or college graduating classes, benefits and other charities, any one of which may offer an excellent opportunity for giving your debutante bookshop a gentle push into the limelight.

"Then there is store advertising in the local papers. This must be timed exactly right and carried on over a long period of time. It will eventually break down the resistance of your prospective clientèle, provided your advertising appropriation (which should, we are told, be only .02% of estimated sales) hasn't succumbed first."

George Blake, well known Scottish journalist and novelist, formerly of Faber and Faber in London and now editor of the Glasgow *Evening News* (the famous paper with which the late Neil Munro was long associated) is the fortunate father of two delightful sons. These are Michael, aged 8, and Christopher, aged 6.

These good lads are following in the footsteps of their sire. When Mr. and Mrs. Blake visited New York a year or so ago, the boys remained in Britain, but evidently they heard about the trip. Christopher wrote a little story, *The Adventures of an Old Man and His Wife*. Thirty copies have been printed by the Porpoise Press, and I have Christopher's permission to reprint this chapter in which the Old Man and His Wife visit New York. I do so not just because I am fond of Christopher Blake, but because it is perhaps the best brief description of New York ever written by one who has never been here. And here also is Michael Blake's idea of what the city looks like.

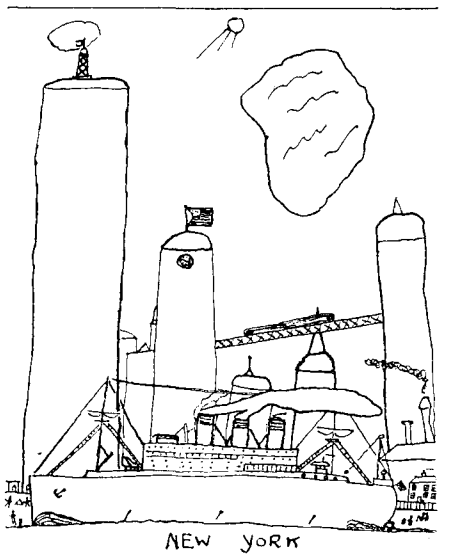
A VISIT TO AMERICA

By CHRISTOPHER BLAKE (aged 6)

But one day they went to America in the bigist ship in the world. And they saw the Empir State. And one day they went up to the top of the Woolworth Touwer. And one day they (went) to the Museum and saw the bones of huge mammoths who lived long ago.

And one day they went to the curcus and the clowns were very funny and there was a horse and a cow and a monkey.

And then they went home from America in the same ship as they came in.



G. Lowes Dickinson

We quote the following from the obituary of the late G. Lowes Dickinson in the London *Times:*

"Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson was born on August 6, 1862, the second son of Lowes Dickinson, a well-known portrait painter. He followed his elder brother, now Sir Arthur Lowes Dickinson, in 1876 to Charterhouse (Weekites), where he was junior and senior scholar. He was elected a classical scholar of King's College, Cambridge. He won the Chancellor's English medal with a poem on Savonarola, was elected a Fellow of King's in 1887, and was librarian from 1893 to 1896, when he was appointed to a lectureship in history.

"Dickinson devoted himself to his teaching, and still more to a kind of Socratic inquiry. He was always accessible to pupils and students, and lavished his delightful and stimulating talk on the humblest as well as the most brilliant of auditors. He did not, however, cling to his own particular fancies, but was always ready to discuss any subject, simple or abstruse, with any chance companion or acquaintance, and to do it with so subtle a sympathy and so self-effacing a modesty as to leave his interlocutor hardly aware of the benefits received, and only astonished at his own unexpected insight and eloquence. . . .

"Dickinson was a great don, and like all great dons he was a great idealist, but his ideals were never remote from life. Though he was passionately devoted to ideas for their own sake the chief preoccupations of his later years, like those of Plato, were essentially political. One of the earliest of his published works was a book on 'The Development of Parliament,' and his interest in political themes is illustrated by two other political treatises composed before the War—'Revolution and Reaction in Modern France,' and 'Justice and Liberty.' But it was the War which proved the turning point of his political thinking. To Dickinson it was an unspeakable calamity which filled his life with overwhelming grief; but it also inspired him with a mission to explain to the public the causes of the great world catastrophe, and to contribute, as only a man of letters can, to the foundation of a new international order which should make the recurrence of a great world war impossible."

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

ATTENTION! Chance to earn big money! Thirty cents will be paid to the first person who announces the book and author responsible for "I felt that I could sniff forgeries as a dog follows a scent." Enough scent. George Frisbee.

THERE IS a young woman who delights in Thoreau, Bach, and Michelangelo, who prefers talking to contract bridge, golf, tennis, or eating, and who believes that New Englanders can be without complexes or inhibitions of a pernicious character. Will act as Goliath or Jonathan to David. Pamela, *Sat. Review.*

YOUNG MAN, lonely, seeks companionship of comely young woman. One who has not yet experienced cloying surfeit of pleasure, but should be able still to become vivacious and enthusiastic over things. Cognoscente, c/o *Saturday Review of Literature.*

HELP NEEDED to keep struggling artist afloat. Prefer New York. Three years Chicago Art Institute. One year American Academy. Free-lance experience. Designs, cartoons, illustrations, layouts. Zim, *Saturday Review.*

CAN ANYONE direct young woman toward New York employment? College graduate. Social service experience. Art school. Commercial dress designing. Literary interests. Impecunious, *Saturday Review.*

M. G. R., ABONNEE—Many thanks for toasts. A little dry, but irrigation available. Interest: 2nd hand bookstores, gooseberry jam, sand dunes, frying bacon in open air, Voltaire's fairy tales, bifocal view of existence. HULLO HANDSOME, c/o *Saturday Review.*

POOH WINNIE—Every time I pass De Camp Bus Terminal, 6th Ave. and 36, I think of you. Let's DeCamp! Bring warm undervest. GOLDEN NORTH.

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To you who read and liked

THE FOUNTAIN

I recommend Mr. Morgan's earlier novels

PORTRAIT IN A MIRROR *and* MY NAME IS LEGION

They aren't, of course, as good as *The Fountain*, but they are uncommonly good and I think you will find them worth reading and worth owning. Hugh Walpole called *Portrait in a Mirror* "a magnificent perception of first love", and *My Name is Legion*, a romance of mysticism, was called by *The New York Times* "a first class piece of English prose."

These are now available in attractive cloth bound editions at only one dollar each. If your bookseller cannot supply you, just pin a dollar (or two) to this advertisement and mail with your name and address to

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SEPT 24

The issue of the Saturday Review for September twenty-fourth will contain an exclusive story of first rate importance. Be sure not to miss it.

The nature of this feature must be withheld for the present, not to provoke our subscribers but to observe a release date which has been fixed by high authorities.

The Saturday Review

25 West 45th Steet, New York, N. Y.

The PHŒNIX NEST

MORITURI te salutamus. We are dead before we have come to life, for even as these words go into print the *Phœnician* is returned and our brief day over. Alas, alas, and we are fairly bursting with news about books and authors. Well, we'll waste no time on preambles lest we lose our single chance to disburden ourselves of some of it. . . .

We've discovered the joy in forgetting. Now a proper person, to whom geography is as fresh as it was in his schooldays, could never find the fascination that we did when we perused some months since a carbon copy of the manuscript of *Hendrik Van Loon's* "Political Geography," which Simon & Schuster are to bring out next month embellished with a lavish array of illustrations by the author. There's a book; the tropic of Capricorn and Greenwich Observatory time, and the gold fields of Africa and the fastnesses of the Ural—everything rolled into a panoramic presentation of man and his world. It's not that Mr. Van Loon is discovering fresh fields, or presenting new commentary, but that with great adroitness and with vivacity of manner he has written over for adults what all of us are supposed to know about the world we live in and what most of us have forgotten except in disjointed fragments. Perhaps his book is elementary—we've heard it said so—, but unfortunately for most of us—or fortunately for us if we pick up the "Political Geography"—the great number of us have forgotten so much of what is taken for granted in every educated person's knowledge that a book like Mr. Van Loon's is of fascinating interest. The Book-of-the-Month Club thinks so, too, for it's going to send it out in September. . . .

Speaking of the Book-of-the-Month Club reminds us that we went the other night to the dinner given by Mr. *Richard Walsh* of the John Day Company for Mrs. *Pearl Buck*, author of "The Good Earth," which is a past selection of the Book Club. It was a grand occasion, with a table of celebrities at which *Kipling's* "and never the twain shall meet" was completely disproved by the Chinese guests seated between the American, and at which publishing and literary New York proved either its devotion to labor, or the force of the depression, by the number of its representatives who were in town to appear. We found ourselves at table between Mr. *John Macy*, who smiled tolerantly over the aberrations of criticism, and Mr. *Alfred Harcourt*, who regaled us with incidents of publishing and entertaining general anecdotes. Mr. Harcourt wanted to know whether we had seen the biography of *General Sherman* by *Lloyd Lewis*, which he is to publish before long. We responded with enthusiasm, since we think it one of the most interesting books we've come across recently. Especially did the first part with its—at least to us—fresh and new material about the Middle West of Sherman's parents and *Senator Ewing*, who was to become his foster father and eventually father-in-law, hold our attention. But the entire book is full of vivid and significant matter, enlivened by occasional dramatic pages. . . .

There's another biography shortly to appear that we've been reading with ardent attention. That's *Allan Nevins's "Grover Cleveland"* which Dodd, Mead is to issue, and which we have no doubt will prove the authoritative work on its subject for many a year to come. Mr. Nevins has been indefatigable in his research, and has amassed an amount of information which illuminates not only the career of Cleveland but the period of his activities. He has the journalist's ease of expression and ability to make facts live and effective, and under his pen, Cleveland, that curious dual personality—half stalwart statesman, half roystering blade—stands out with heroic stature. . . .

We beg to make our annual acknowledgment to the London *Observer* and *John o' London's Weekly* for the nice, juicy morsels we cull from their columns and slide into our own throughout the year in the form of fillers, with just enough change to ease our conscience and never enough to fool their original editors, should they happen upon them, as to the source of their derivation. We've gathered from our most recent perusal of the pages of these journals that *J. B. Priestley's* grand mystery story, "The Old Dark House" (who that read it will ever forgot the storm with which it opens?), is to appear upon the screen, that *Bernard Shaw* is engaged upon a short new work which will probably be called "The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God," that *Compton Mackenzie* is writing a short biography of the *Young Pretender*, that a volume of the letters of *Lytton Strachey* will be prepared for publication before long, and that the best seller in fiction in England at present is Priestley's "Far Away," followed by *Lady Eleanor Smith's* "Ballerina," *James Laver's* "Nymph Errant," and *Maurice Walsh's* "Black Cock's Feather," all of which books have been brought out over here. Well, we just can't see "Nymph Errant." We read it in galley proof some time ago, but we don't think it's that that prejudiced us against it. It just seems to us that a succession of amorous adventures leading nowhere except to self-satisfaction, with nothing brilliant in the telling and only the titilation of the reader's latent love of sensationalism for object isn't worth while. . . .

In the interval of reading the new books we've been eating our way through the publishers' lists. Literally, not figuratively, we mean. That is to say, yesterday at lunch as we ate cold salmon and drank ourselves awake for the night with iced coffee, we imbibed information from Mr. *W. W. Norton*, gay with good humor and a vivid colored tie, as to his forthcoming list. It's a highly promising one which we've since been sampling, having spent some hours of a solitary Saturday afternoon in the office reading parts of *Bertrand Russell's* "Education and the New World" and *Ortega y Gasset's* "The Revolt of the Masses," both of them stimulating works. And we're keeping our own eye out for *Pakington's* "The Roving Eye" which Mr. Norton and *George Stevens* tell us is coming and is delightful.

Just the day before we ate through Mr. Norton's list we had lunched off Dutton's, having spent an interesting hour with *Florence Bowers* at the Algonquin allaying the pangs of physical hunger while we got up an appetite for the *Dickens* letters which she told us were coming. We wish they'd hurry along, for we want to read them, and those other Dickens letters which Putnam is going to publish and which *Lynn Carrick* dangled before us a week or two ago when over the lunch table we talked about books in the intervals of waxing enthusiastic over White Mountain climbing. . . .

Then there's the Morrow list which *Frances Phillips* served to us at the Algonquin and which contains among the volumes which she particularly mentioned two novels with arresting titles, "The Cat Who Saw God," by *Anna Gorden Keown*, and "The Bright Temptation," by *Austin Clarke*. We have them both in our possession in page proof at the moment, but as yet we've only had time to dip into the first—just far enough to see that we like the way it begins. . . .

Well, with all these lists, it's plain to see why we grow fat on literature. As it happens we don't drink books, but nevertheless we manage to squeeze in an occasional draught over a tomato juice cocktail or alongside a glass of beer. It was over the first at *Thayer Hobson's* the other night that we decided with *Herschel Brickell* (whose spirits were more vigorous than ours) that we like the new novel by *Rosamund Lehmann* which Holt is shortly to bring out, and that we were eagerly awaiting the book by *Isabel Paterson* which Morrow is to publish and which the Literary Guild has chosen. . . .

The bottom of our column is just below, and we haven't had a chance to speak of all sorts of things, of the Coward-McCann birthday party last week, of Marxist criticism, of the way the Putnam bookstore constantly takes on new attractions, of books like *Leroy MacCleod's* "Years of Peace" about to be released, and *E. M. Delafield's* "A Good Man's Love," published in England as "Thank God Fasting," of the new *Faulkner* novel, "Light in August," which *Smith* and *Bob Haas* have in proof, and of a host of other matters. But type is adamant; we must cease. . . .

Ave atque Vale.

THE SUBSTITUTE PHŒNICIAN.

Christopher Morley's

book about books is opening the eyes of hundreds of readers

WE announced *Ex Libris Carissimis* as a delightful little volume for all who seek in literature "the lighter air of the mountain peaks of human life." Since publication we have received most enthusiastic comment from critics . . . friends in the trade . . . booklovers. Four printings have been required already.

The NEW YORK *Times* calls it "Charming . . . characteristically whimsical . . . a book which will reawaken the reader's memories of old favorites and point his way to new discoveries."

An important dealer in rare books wrote us: "I consider it a most valuable contribution to books on bibliography. It is just the transitory step necessary to help the general reader and book buyer toward that most fascinating Bookcollecting Game."

The CHICAGO *Post*, however, reminds us, "This is not a treatise on book collecting, but a generous sharing of memories, an intimation of the inevitable interweaving of life and literature, and a pointing out of the little known trails in literature along which, he suggests, is rare delight."

"A beautifully manufactured volume," comments the PHILADELPHIA *Public Ledger*—"hidden within its pages are nuggets of book lore, strange incidents and anecdotes connected with publishing and authorship, shy confessions of personal experience and much sage wisdom."

The appendix contains a list of "Golden Florins" — 85 books that have given the author the greatest pleasure in his years of wide reading. $2.00

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